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in the Shadow of the Drum Tower

LAURA DELANY GARST

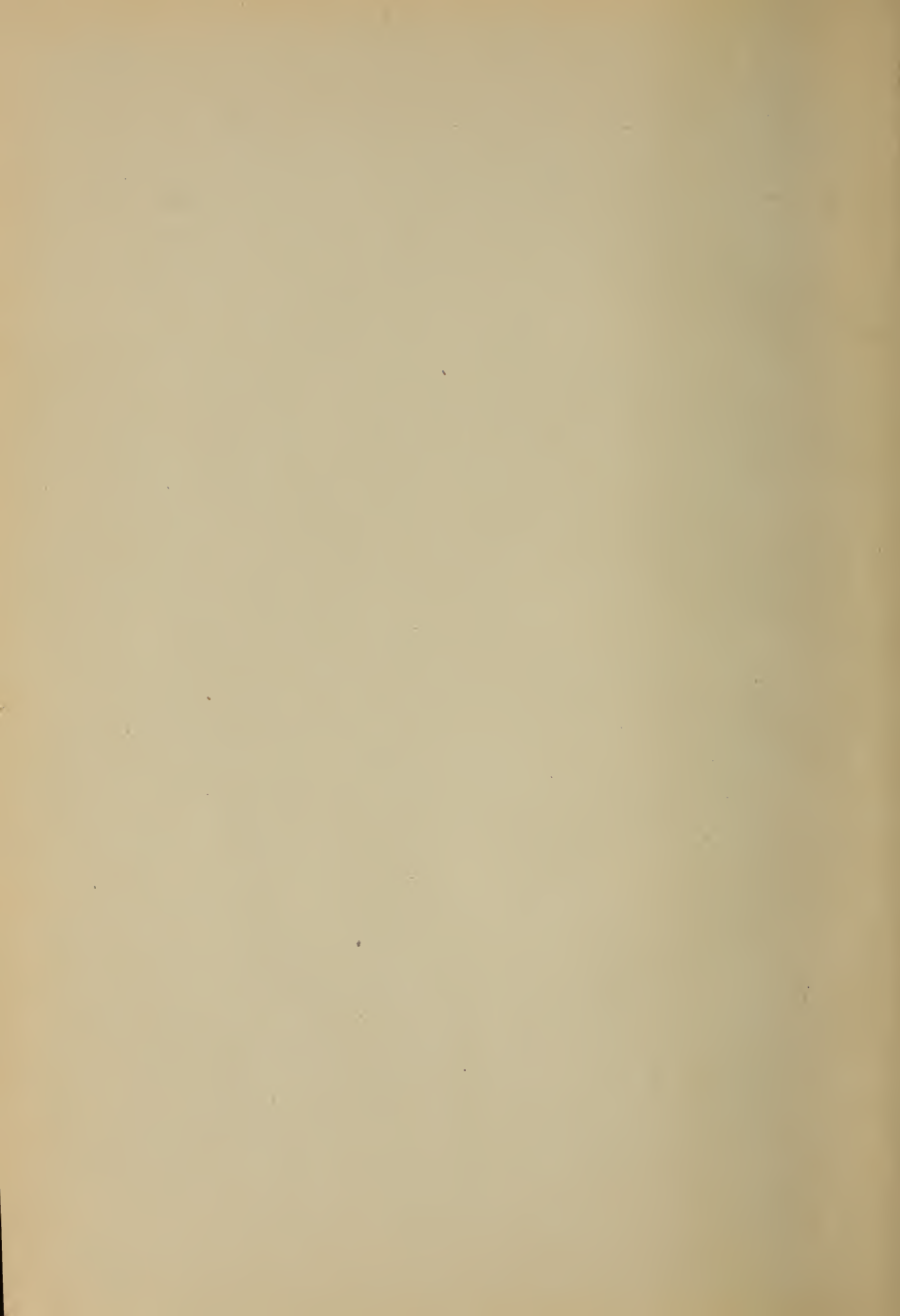


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THE DRUM TOWER.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

By
LAURA DELANY GARST



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FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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Dedicated

TO THE
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST AT CANTON, OHIO,
THE
CHURCH OF CHRIST AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY,
AND THE
UNIVERSITY CHURCH OF CHRIST, DES MOINES, IOWA,
WITH WARM CONGRATULATIONS UPON THEIR
WORTHY PART IN WORLD-WIDE
EVANGELIZATION.



CONTENTS

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|----|
| MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA, | - | - | - | 13 |
| DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING, | - | - | - | 57 |
| MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME, | - | - | - | 95 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | Facing Page | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|-------|
| THE DRUM TOWER, | - | - |
| | <i>Frontispiece</i> | ✓ |
| DOROTHY DeLANY, | - | 14 ✓ |
| MRS. MACKLIN AND CHILDREN, | - | 22 ✓ |
| MARION, | - | 24 ✓ |
| LUMA; JUNGMA, | - | 52 ✓ |
| DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING, | - | 56 ✓ |
| DR. MACKLIN AT HOME, | - | 66 ✓ |
| "FATHER, GLORIFY THY NAME," | - | 72 ✓ |
| MRS. LILY MOLLAND, | - | 80 ✓ |
| "THE LITTLE MOTHER," | - | 122 ✓ |



MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR- AWAY CHINA

"My Little Sister in Far-Away China" has been out of print for several years. Requests have been made for its republication, and the sketches "Dr. Macklin of Nanking" and "My Little Sister at Home" are added with the hope that they may be as cordially received as was the little story of the earlier years.

In the Shadow of the Drum Tower

In the farthest corner of a little mud house lay a tiny yellow form, racked with a scorching fever. The day was mercilessly hot, but in the middle of the hut was a fire burning brightly and filling the air with choking smoke, for the only outlet was a hole in the wall. A woman, weary with watching, struggled about to keep the fire hot. Surely the heat would drive away the evil spirit that was haunting the body of her baby boy! She leaned low over the tiny form. The heartbeat was so faint that she could scarcely hear it. The breath came short and the hand was limp and cold. She knew that Death was near, and he must not find his victim under cover. If he did, the evil spirits would haunt the house ever after. Gathering all the garments the baby had ever worn, and catching her boy to her heart, she stumbled out of the hut into the full light of a summer day. The sunlight dazzled her, and the throbbing in her temples was almost beyond endurance. She must lay him on the hillside, but let it be in the shade where the burning rays of the sun would be warded off.

Stumblingly, with many a halt and struggle, the weary woman at last reached the place for which she was searching—the shadow of the great Drum Tower! She fell to a sitting posture, and fighting the age-old sorrow that oppressed her, proceeded to put on the dying baby the garments she had brought. He would need them all in the world to which he was going. How she longed for more to contribute to his happiness and comfort in the eternities to come! Just then the great drum sounded out the noontime call to prayer. Unable to endure the dull thud in her ears she took one last look at the drawn little face and fled.

The old Drum Tower had watched over many tragedies, and has been watching for a long, long time—longer than it would be possible to tell you. After years and years, when even sorrow had become an old story, something new happened. Another mother brought her child to the grateful shade, and for the same purpose; but just as she reached the spot everything became black and she fell. The darkness was terrible, and O, so long! And then came a wonderful dream. She was lying in a soft bed, in a room that was light and cool. A beautiful, white-haired lady leaned over her and told her that the baby would soon be well, and that she, too, must grow strong. Then there was music, far away and beautiful, singing such as she had never heard before. She moved uneasily and listened again. At last she opened her eyes in full consciousness. The white-haired lady was real.

She was sitting by the window. The sick child lay in her lap, resting while she sang the new and wonderful words.

I would like to tell you how the child became strong and well, and grew to be a man who was wise and kind. Some one else will tell you that story. The wonderful thing I want you to know is that, when the old drum speaks no more, when the temple gongs call no longer to prayer, and the chant of the priests is silent, the glad new song will swell onward and upward, forever.

GRETCHEN GARST.

My Little Sister in Far-Away China

"Now for a breathing spell, and then I must teach Jungma to do that darning." Taking her mending basket, Mrs. Macklin settled herself contentedly. It was not dainty hemstitching nor drawn work that engaged her attention. With a brood of four hearty children and a missionary's salary, she found too much homely sewing to do to admit of fancy work. The day had been very full. Warm weather was upon them. Being an ingenious individual, Mrs. Macklin had conceived the idea of making furniture for their simple summer home in the mountains, the material used being the packing boxes in which had come some of their stores from San Francisco. She drew the designs, and carefully guided the Chinese carpenters as they executed them.

Look at her as she sits where she will get all possible draft, for the day is warm. The soft white gown of inexpensive material, and simple, graceful design, sets off to good advantage the rich brunette skin and hair—beautiful, indeed though somewhat faded from ten years' residence in China. "Far too

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

pretty to be a missionary," many friends had complained when news of her marriage came back to the United States, for Dorothy De Lany had gone abroad with her mother to visit her sister, a missionary in Japan, and had been captured by the bright and competent physician, Dr. Macklin, a missionary in China. Some had prophesied such a "fate" for her when she sailed away, but she laughingly retorted there was no danger of her ever becoming a missionary! She was just out of school, bright, beautiful, winsome, with never a thought but for the joys of the present. Some sorrows had swept over her young heart, but she had fled from them in terror. Sorrow and care were for old people. "She would be young! She would be free!"

Settled in an isolated work on the "foreign field," she had ample time and material for reflection. In the midst of her busy life little thought had been given to missionaries. Perhaps vague visions had flitted through her happy mind in which the predominating figures were wan, pale faces confronting savage, dark ones; weary brains wrestling with stupid grammars and lexicons; hungry hearts longing for old companionships; wholly uncongenial surroundings, destitute of the ordinary comforts of life. The thought of a bright social life and endless variety on the mission field had scarcely presented itself to her. Young and vigorous, with



DOROTHY DeLANY.

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

a mighty enthusiasm that hitherto had spent itself on busy nothings in society when not absorbed in school work, she entered briskly into the cares and pastimes of the new home. There were many things to do. Her sister's "out-of-style" garments needed refashioning and brightening, and she was surprised to find she could readily adapt herself to this new duty. Various household cares, looking after the little niece and nephew, exercise, receiving and returning calls among the Japanese, her large correspondence and reading made the busy hours fly with marvelous rapidity. She loved to watch the faces of the Japanese women in the Bible classes and see the dull, expressionless look give place to a happy one when some specially sweet and helpful passage was explained to them. Finally the critical illness of one of the converts from heathenism absorbed her. The sick one—mother of a large family—a widow, lay on rude comforters on the floor, as was the custom of the poor of her land. The children, just as loving and solicitous as if they had the wherewithal to provide the relief and comfort they so longed to give the sufferer, were tireless in their ministrations. The end seemed drawing near. Dorothy and her sister seated themselves on the mats during a morning call. The sick one wished a song. "Gates Ajar" was her choice and she desired to join in the singing. Though in great pain and weakness she insisted on being

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

propped up, and with great difficulty adjusted the clumsy spectacles. The quavering voice was sadly out of tune, but the light from the heavenly portal shone upon her face.

“Beyond the river’s brink we’ll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.”

Unable to join in the strange foreign tongue, Dorothy wiped her eyes. The joys of an evening party seemed dim to her in comparison with this ministering to a dying sister. “Mission work” was a continual and happy surprise. She never wearied of going with her sister on errands of mercy to the sick and afflicted. Acquiring a difficult language and preparation of sermons she found to be but a small part of a missionary’s life. Pleasant little “tea parties” given in her sister’s home broke the ice, and led to further acquaintance and oftentimes substantial work with those who could not possibly have been persuaded to come to “meetings.” Then, in the pretty native homes there were charming little “*go-chiso*” (Japanese feasts) given in honor of mother and daughter. Delightful friendships were formed. Some clever school mistresses, as much attracted by Dorothy’s piquant, affectionate manner as she by their quaint and charming orientalisms, would have the pictures of these oc-

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

cidental friends in the Japanese costume, and were more than delighted to be arrayed in American gowns and "sit" for theirs.

Dorothy's was an unusual experience, for she had almost no foreign associates, there being but few missionaries where her sister was located. Few indeed have so good an opportunity to judge of the responsibilities and possibilities of the missionary. She became more and more enthusiastic over this life with a strange people, and as she acquired somewhat their "point of view," recognizing their needs, she determined to be useful while she remained among them, and settled herself to a study of their religions and language. There was growing in her loving heart a great desire to bring some genuine and eternal light and comfort into their lives.

She had been a Christian for years, though latterly, through the influence of environment, just a little more in the conventional way of the fashionable majority perhaps, than with ardor and consecration. She felt, however, that "old things" had passed away; she could never again be as she had been. As is always the case, genuine Christian activities stimulated a desire for a closer walk with God, and more practical service for humanity. It was while her views were changing so rapidly that the Doctor appeared on the scene.

Dr. Macklin had formerly been connected with

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

the mission in Japan, and was pleased to make a visit there, though, it must be confessed, **A New Life** more to see the pretty little sister than to renew acquaintances. The heat was excessive. Mosquitoes were intolerable, with no protection possible, because of the Japanese architecture, unless, indeed, one were willing to sit under a net canopy, which greatly increased the discomfort from the "muggy" heat of the rainy season. As a little respite a trip was planned to the seashore, a few miles distant, where, on account of the prevailing winds and "lay" of the mountain land, freedom from the mosquito pest could be enjoyed. Also there was opportunity to work with a different class of people.

It seemed a little unfortunate at first that the sister should sprain her ankle on the way out, but this really only played into the Doctor's hands, for Dorothy was in duty bound to entertain the friend who had come from so far. They walked the beach together and spent delicious hours among the rocks, with the babbling waters at their feet, or perchance the angry breakers dashing near them.

Dorothy knew that Dr. Macklin was a credit to his profession. At the New York Polyclinic he had been called their "best all-round man." At home he could have been making, financially, many times what he received for service on the mission field. Pure devotion to God and humanity had put him

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

where he was. Dorothy was quick to recognize much in him that was admirable beside the heroic element which so attracted her, for though she did not dream it, she had a large proportion of the same characteristics. There were a few weeks of happy fellowship, correspondence after his return to China, and in the early winter Dr. Macklin returned to claim his promised bride.

.
Many years have passed in China. Dorothy's early experiences were somewhat trying. They lived in an old Buddhist temple, with few conveniences. It was a rambling, airless home. One morning Mrs. Meigs, who lived in the same temple, awakened to find a huge snake hanging over the rafters above her head. One night Dorothy felt something crawling over her hand. Dr. Macklin, when roused, was tempted to treat her fears lightly—she had dreamed, perhaps—but on striking a light he discovered a large centipede in the corner of the mosquito canopy. He captured it in a thick towel, and Dorothy heard it crunch beneath his heel as he ground it to pieces. She wrote her mother that the rest of that and many subsequent nights centipedes “seven feet long” ornamented the canopy of her dreams.

A Chinese burglar glared at her through the iron grating of her window. This, too, Dr. Macklin tried to laugh at as “nervousness,” “*hysteria*,” but

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

the missing mackintosh that had always hung just within the grating verified her story.

When they were established in their new home, Dorothy gleefully informed her husband that she would compound such marvels of the culinary art that all his oriental dyspepsia would take to itself wings.

"You can't do those pretty things here, my darling," he responded. "The house is so inconvenient; there are no 'labor-saving' machines as in the cosy homes in our country. You have to let 'John Chinaman' save you, and when inclined to be discontented, be thankful that by avoiding over-exertion, by husbanding your strength and being careful to get out doors daily, you may escape the malarial troubles, and be able to acquire the language and do the many things in your home and the community that no money can hire."

When wishing for cosy housekeeping in America, with a dainty, convenient kitchen, Dorothy consoled herself by thinking of the drudgery her clumsy Chinese helpers saved her. And then they were so cheap! Three or four did not cost so much as one "servant" at home. The Chinese help learned rapidly. Excellent bread and the plain substantials were soon understood, and these were what was wanted. It was decidedly laborious to have to carry keys and dole out everything to these thieving creatures—even eggs and potatoes; and then she

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

had to have them served in their native garb if she would be sure she was getting back what she gave out! Dorothy was, and is, blessed with a very philosophical disposition and a keen sense of humor, (said, by the way, to be essential qualifications for the successful missionary) and she turned many a discouraging experience to account, either by making it contribute to the merriment of the household, or her own spiritual discipline, or both. Her hands were full in making a happy home. She rejoiced in the added efficiency of Dr. Macklin when he had the care only a loving wife can bestow, and in the growth and effectiveness of his large work consoled herself for the failure of her cherished plan of teaching the Chinese women that which would raise them higher. Even in this she felt she was not wholly without fruit. In filling her position as wife and mother and friend, she was able oftentimes to illustrate what, for poverty of the strange words she had not leisure to acquire, she was unable to explain verbally—a most effective way of teaching. Gradually, as she gained larger knowledge of the foreign tongue, her work was more satisfactory.

.
The time came for a furlough to the home land. This was joyfully prepared for—Theodore, William, and Marion being jubilant beyond expression. Perhaps Marion should not be included as consciously

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

so, for though the happiest and sunniest of babies, she was too young to appreciate what all the delighted people were so enthusiastic about.

**The First
Furlough**

At home, in the United States, there were both joyful and sad experiences.

Especially were they often pained because of the indifference to the claims of mission work. Many, very many, Churches, however, received Dr. Macklin with open arms, and gave his message the thoughtful and prayerful consideration which was its due. Those must indeed be very shallow and thoughtless Christians who regard the necessity of obeying our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," as merely optional—the responsibility to go abroad that "*all the world*" and "*every creature*," be carried out to the letter, depending on how much there is to be done close at hand.

It should not be a matter for surprise that those who so imperfectly embrace the scope of Christian obligation should set aside the testimony of talented, consecrated men and women who spend their lives serving in uncongenial environments, that this command may be obeyed, and the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world be not darkened.

Not very long after their return to China—for tempting offers of three times his salary as a missionary had not moved Dr. Macklin to remain



MRS. MACKLIN AND CHILDREN
on furlough in 1893.

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

in the United States—there came to the little household a sacred and supreme sorrow. The darling little daughter Marion, pet and idol of
A Great Sorrow the home—the only little girl among three brothers, and an unusually winsome child—was taken from them. Of this experience Mrs. Macklin wrote as follows:

Nanking, March 17, 1897.

My Beloved Mother and Loved Ones at Home:

Our Heavenly Father has brought us very near to Himself these last weeks, and has gently, O so gently, taken away our Darling Little Daughter. Jesus has been with us all the way and helped us to bear the anguish of parting with her whom we loved more than life itself! The promises of God are so very precious to us—and although we are so lonely without Marion's happy face and cheerful, generous ways—yet we sorrow not as those who have no hope—and God has enabled us to look beyond where we *know* Marion is so very blessed and happy!

There is so much I want to write of to you about Marion, I hardly know where to begin. In the winter before she was at all sick she looked up at me one day with her fat, rosy face—framed with curling, gold-brown locks—and said, "If I should die, mamma, would you put a pretty dress on me?" As I answered her in the affirmative I

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

little knew how soon this baby prophecy was to be accomplished. Darling child—she was quite happy again in the thought of the pretty dress promised. Her love of the *clean* and *beautiful* was very strong, she often using the terms interchangeably. She was *happy* always. Even her punishments did not seem to sink deep into the merry little heart—and often if sent away from the table for some slight offense, she would go with a smile, and when recalled would return with one on her pretty, dimpled face. Being our only girl we had a special tenderness for her, especially so because of her serious illness two years since, and although all last summer and fall and into the middle of January she was so well and strong, yet she had many privileges not given to the boys. Times when I was in the kitchen and pantry, or up in the attic doing some special work when *three* were too many to have as helpers or on-lookers, *she* was my companion. Aunt Daisy says that she often noticed that what the boys many times were punished for Marion did without any punishment. Little mischievous tricks were passed by unnoticed, and I am glad now that it was so. Nothing seemed to *spoil* her, as the saying goes. Her nature was indescribably beautiful and attractive to every one. We so often said to each other, "*What would we do without our dear little girl,*" and to the boys, "*What would you do if you had no little sister,*" and the like—and it seems



MARION.

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

as if we had a shadow of a feeling that we were not to have her very long!

At Christmas time she was *very* well, and happy, as was her nature. She sang at the Christmas entertainment by the Sunday school a little carol:

"Happy, happy Chismas—yet (let) our voices chime,
Yong (Long) ado was Jesus born at dis blessed (blessed)
time,
Happy, happy Chismas airfor (therefore) do we sin (sing)
As our yittle (little) gifts of yove (love) to our fends (friends)
we bing (bring)."

Her speech was very peculiar indeed. She spoke with a very unusually pretty baby talk. Her candies were nearly all given to others without respect to degree or station. She was truly Christ-like in her love to rich and poor, native or foreigner. All she knew she loved, and they loved her. She was generosity itself in regard to everything she possessed. Her playthings were common to all who wished to enjoy them. She had a little tea-set given her, and it was played with more than any other one gift. It is nearly all broken now, but her fingers were not the ones at fault. She would come to me with tear-stained face for an instant, saying, "William has *boked* anoder tup of my tea-shets," but another second and her face would be shining with smiles.

About the middle of January she began to be ailing, and all was done that could be done. She

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

was up and dressed and wonderfully bright at times, yet the fever kept up. About the third of February her papa felt that she must have a change and so took her to Shanghai. . . . Finding no encouragement, returned after five days away, heavy hearted, yet clinging to the hope that it might be as this doctor in Shanghai had been so certain, a typhoid fever, and that with the best of nursing we might see her improve—yea, recover! God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts, and His ways than our ways! The mystery we can not know, but He doeth *all things well!* . . .

We miss Marion more and more. Earth will never be the same, neither is Heaven the same! And sometimes I think that the renewed joy, interest, and faith in that Better Land is so much more to us, and that Jesus has been such "a very present help in time of need" that there is *much* of compensation. After her return she was sick about thirty-one days. Her father consulted time and again with both Drs. Stewart and Beebe, and everything was done that loving skill of physicians and the tenderest of nursing *could do!* Prayer was not forgotten. For weeks the whole community pleaded for her life but we prayed "Thy will be done." . . .

Always very womanly and wise about herself, in these weeks of illness she matured very much. She reminded me of a grown person being nursed

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

by one not quite used to nursing and she would often anticipate my own thoughts and intents. She always asked for me to take her temperature in the morning and in the night. I must not speak at length of the care we took of her. . . . I cut pictures for her after she was too weak to do so herself, and many times before, when she desired. I read to her, and sang to her the songs she loved to hear. "Shall we gather at the river" was her favorite for months, and she asked every day for it at prayers before she went up stairs to stay. . . . She had such a pathetic way of calling for her papa, "to see my froat (throat)," and would open her mouth and say "Ah, ah!" that he might see. It was a relief to her to do this. About a week before she went I wanted so much to use a spray in her throat and nose, a very pleasant spray, but she was tired of taking things and so I bethought me of a plan. I said, "Marion, when you get well we won't have any way to remember how many doses of medicine you have taken. Now if we take a cash, (1-20 of a gold cent) and drop it in your money box every time you take some medicine, then we can count when you get well, and you can take the money and use it in any way you like, buy a doll, or a book, or anything you like." She looked over toward the hospital, with a far-away look in her beautiful blue eyes, and said, "I'll give it to papa for the poor people in the

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

hospital." After that she nearly always took any medicine without much ado, at the mention of more cash for her box, and would even remind me of the spray and "cash in my box."

O, those last days were such precious days of prayer to God and waiting on my precious darling daughter!

Once, a week or two before this time, I was singing to her some favorite songs and hymns, and sang the song which I will copy lest some of you may not know it.

"I know three little sisters,
I think you know them too,
The first is red, the next is white,
And the other one is blue.

"Hurrah for the three little sisters,
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue.

"I know three little lessons
These little sisters tell,
The first is love, then purity,
And the truth we love so well!"

Chorus.

After a moment's silence I asked if I should sing it again, and she said yes. She dearly loved the song—I will speak of it again.

Among the dainties sent her she liked most a

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

tiny glass of raspberry jelly which Miss Kelly brought from America, and which Miss Lyon sent her. She was *so* delighted. She called for baby at once that he might have some, as was her custom with anything good she had, saying, "He must n't have a whole spoonful of my jelly, he tan only have a yittle, cause he'll det sit and die—like I am"—I, of course, hastened to tell her she would *soon* be well, and she said, "Alice Ferguson died—I've got another sickness." I fancied I saw a slight quaver about her mouth, but only a little. This was Friday morning. Sunday morning her father was hopeless about her—he had had such a hard night and had seen her failing in strength, so that hope had fled. We could not pray unconditionally for her recovery, feeling that she had many chances for a delicate body all her life. We truly felt for her "to die was gain."

Of course her father did not leave the house all day except to run over to the hospital a couple of times. About five o'clock he remembered that there was in the storeroom a bottle of candy which had been sent by a Chinaman. She had already given away one bottle with so much pleasure, that he thought it would give her joy to have it, and although she had been *very* low all day, he brought it up, hoping to give her still yet a little pleasure in giving. She was perfectly delighted, sat up with pillows, called to me, "You hold it for me, mamma,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

it's too heavy for me," and said, "Dump it out." Her papa did so, but quite a number of pieces coming, she cried joyfully, her old happy self, "You dumped too much." She called for baby that he might have some, then for the two hospital nurses, for the boys, and was so distressed that they had not come home from Church yet. But she then gave to her papa and me, sent a piece to each of the servants on the place, the cook too, and she did not know him, yet remembered him, (he was a substitute for a time, while our own was gone home); wrapped up a piece for our cook for me to give him. Also she said to give one piece to the man who comes for fuel to build fires at the hospital (in case of baptism or operations fires are made at the hospital, a coolie coming for the fuel). Also wrapped up a piece for Dr. Butchart, away on a trip north. Dr. Beebe came to say good-bye as he was on his way to Wuhu, and as I went down stairs to meet him I had been crying, and it was hard for me to speak at all to him. He came up with Dr. Macklin, expecting to see her *very* ill, but instead, the minute he was in the door, she said with her brightest smile, "Here is some tandy for you, Dr. Beebe," and he was delighted! I asked him after he had talked with Dr. Macklin about her, listened to her lungs, etc. "You would still hang on." "O yes," he said, showing much encouragement in his face. Afterwards Marion said she wanted to send some

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

candy to the poor people in the hospital. Dr. Macklin had a bad bilious attack that day, and Daisy wanted to relieve him by staying through the night, so after supper said to Marion, "Do n't you feel very sorry for poor papa being sick to-day?" "Yes." "Won't it be nice to give him a rest to-night, and Aunt Daisy stay with you?" "Yes," and that was all. Daisy came, and the night went on as usual. She sat up once and gave her papa some candy for "your little white horse," and gave around with her own hands to each member of the household as the evening before. Later, about ten o'clock, she said with much effort, "E-uane"—(hospital) and I, remembering her desire of yesterday, asked if she wanted to send to the hospital beggars (in for treatment) and she signified by a motion of the head. We saw it could not be long. We noticed a few struggles, very slight, and we thought the angel had come, but no, he could not take her from us! We think she was unconscious of pain from about two o'clock P. M. Monday. We watched her quick breath come and go, ourselves breathless, prayerful, feeling ourselves as in the very presence of Jesus and His love. But O, the watching of that night!—her father, her Aunt Daisy, Mrs. Meigs, and myself. They all think she knew me, her eyes followed me; she knew the touch of my hand, and much of the first half of the night, I sat on the bed with her head on my shoulder. O those pre-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

cious moments!—yet I prayed, “Come quickly, Lord Jesus.”

About nine o'clock her father got some large pictures of Jesus blessing children and also Jesus raising Jairus' daughter, and hung them up where she could see them. She watched his every movement. All morning, up to half-past three in the afternoon, we stood or knelt about that bed; Dr. Gaynor, of the Quaker Mission, came in the morning, also Miss Murry and Mr. Ferguson were there, and Luma, who nursed her since she was twenty-three months old. We waited forty minutes for the last faint breath. The precious soul was free! I felt I must give her to Jesus with song, then with sobs, so “Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,” rose to my lips, and then the chorus of her favorite song, “Yes, we'll gather at the river,” as I thought of our meeting there.

I knew everything now must be done quickly, and up to this time I had fully intended bathing and dressing her little earthly temple. As I turned to prepare for her bath, Mr. Ferguson and several others begged me so to go away, that I yielded, feeling that Mr. Ferguson spoke, taught by experience, having nearly a year ago parted with his own little Alice, just a year older than Marion. Will, the boys, and I went into the next room, and I sang with the children their favorite hymns, thinking of and talking of our little angel sister in

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

Heaven, and comforted Theodore and William, who were realizing such new and strange, sad and joyful emotions. I could hardly wait the summons to Marion's side. It soon came, and O the beauty of that little figure on the bed! I know not how to describe the unearthly radiance of her face! The strange transparency of her skin, the glory that shone around about her, as if the light of the angel who took her spirit had not fully departed! Her father and I gazed upon her as if spellbound. He said he had never seen any dead person look like that. Dr. Gaynor said *she* never saw anything like it. This strange beauty soon passed away, and she looked like the purest alabaster. There was no trace of the little Marion who had played about in perfect health, nor of the patient little child whom we had nursed so many weeks! Then as I turned my thoughts to her glorified spirit in Paradise, still more wonderful, I could but feel that I had *four* little girls instead of *one*. The same, yet different. As I stood by her I felt, if the *corruptible* is so lovely *what* can be the *inexpressible beauty* of the *incorruptible*!

I feel I may be writing more than you care to hear and yet can't rest until I have told everything—it is a pleasure I can't deny myself to put this little history on paper. I feel I must tell you loved ones of the little angel God sent us for these few brief years to lead us higher! Two of the men

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

about the place who were especially fond of her asked to see her the morning of the last day, and one, a great, clumsy, rough man, but good-hearted, came, bent over her, touched her, and called in husky tones, "Mamie, don't you know me?" She was unconscious, and he slowly turned, stopped a moment, as if he could not leave her. I saw him sob, and he went away. Our women we feel will soon become Christians, and we are praying that they may have the courage of their convictions.

Aunt Daisy closed our darling's beautiful blue eyes, bathed, and dressed her. Mrs. Meigs assisted her, and Mr. Ferguson also. Her dress was a present from Mrs. Meigs, one of Ruth's beautiful white embroidery dresses. Mr. Ferguson carried her down stairs, and she lay on the sofa across the southeast corner of the parlor until the next morning, when her Aunt Daisy placed the body in the beautiful white casket. The tailors worked until four o'clock in the morning, covered the casket with white cloth, padded with cotton, and lined it with silk, with frayed silk about the edge, and a cover of silk gathered and frayed, to cover the feet from sight. The four handles were wound with silk. It could not have been nicer. . . .

Later, every one was so kind and thoughtful and helpful. It made me think of when Jesus had spent the forty days of temptation, then "Angels came and ministered to Him." After the many

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

anxious and busy days and nights all were over, and "angels" came from every side and did all that was to be done—preparations for service at the house, everything was quietly attended to by *loving* hands. Several ladies came and made up flowers sent from different homes. The casket was placed in the center of the parlor, head to the east. She lay with her head slightly on the left side, her hands naturally lying across her body. In one, her right, I placed, with Mrs. Meig's help, a few maiden hair ferns and one perfect camelia, which bloomed only the day before; sprays of smilax were prettily used trailing over her dress. The school boys from Mr. Meigs' school came and looked upon this beautiful body, also Miss Lyon's school girls, and many others came. One teacher, lately baptized, came, went, and shortly returned with a friend. Several of the coolies came twice, and one said he wished he could see her again. I must tell you what has been of so much comfort to me, I feel that such things must needs be on the mission field, to show the heathen how we regard death and the certainty of the life to come. Also to teach them how Christians care for their dead. There is a custom, followed largely here, of putting a dying child, after taking its clothing off, at the door of the house to die, that the evil spirit may take its flight. After which the body is wrapped in coarse matting and put on the hills to be the food of dogs. Another

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

custom more used by them for adults, is, as soon as they give up hope for the patient, to put on just as many of their clothes as they can, using heavy winter garments even in heat of summer, that the spirit shall have sufficient clothing in the other world. In some cases this is all the preparation for burial. The Mohammedans wash and bind the bodies with white cloth. You have doubtless heard of the baby towers where most of the Chinese children are buried. I can but feel that the death of a child so loved, not only by the family but *all* who knew her, even among the *natives*, the tender way in which, in her last hours she was carefully watched, her lips moistened, and she was moved to make her more comfortable, and her pillows arranged; then so beautifully laid out, and the beauty and quiet of the sacred service at house and grave—I am sure this will not be without effect on the Chinese mind and heart. I praise the Lord that her life has done so much good. I feel she has had a work here and it is done. She has won the crown without the cross. May God help us to go to her. . . .

Theodore and William were very much grieved to lose their little sister. They loved to stand by the white little casket and touch her hands and face. I tried to make them understand by explaining that it was only the soul's earthly clothing, etc. I had requested one of the ladies to make a bouquet of red, white, and blue, and she brought it in just as

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

Theodore was standing at one side, and William and I at the other. I told them how she loved the song of "Love, Purity, and Truth," and so with one accord, we gently, so gently, sang it there over the casket. We changed the chorus slightly, using "Hurrah for *our* dear little sister." . . .

Services were at one P. M., led by Mr. Garrett; Mr. Meigs, who was to have led, was in bed with bronchitis. He had prepared his remarks in a beautiful address which he has given me to keep. Mr. Garrett led *very* nicely, and at our request Mr. Longden and Mr. Houston offered prayer. Also Miss Butler, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Houston (one from each Mission) made each a few remarks. The hymns were "My Jesus, as 'Thou wilt," "Precious Jewels," and "Shall we gather at the river?" The pallbearers were Messrs. Wilson, Garrett, Houston, and Dr. Stewart. Dr. Beebe and Dr. Butchart were both away. They carried the casket into the yard, where the long poles, such as are used for sedan chairs, were waiting. Ropes had been laced across, on which was placed the casket. The beautiful flowers which had been sent, two crosses, a wreath, and two beautiful flat bouquets, I placed on the casket after it was closed, and they looked so pretty. Although there was a large crowd of Chinese about the gate, yet there was no noise or confusion. All the foreigners came except a few who were ill or away. Dr. Macklin spoke of the air of triumph all

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

through the service. I thank the Lord we all sang the hymns, and the children's voices rang out clear. Mrs. Meigs said Ruth looked up once and said, "I can't sing, I hurt here," placing her hand on her throat. Mr. Peniel, from the Naval College, came, having cancelled an engagement with a high official to do so.

Later, nearly every one went to the cemetery. Our way lay over the hills west, by an occasional house or cluster of houses, and groves of bamboo, till we reached a quiet spot just within the west wall of Nanking, called Tsing Liang Shang, or the "Clear, Cool Mountain," where lies our "City of the Dead." The teachers and older Sunday school scholars had prepared the grave, covering every bit of the inside and around the grave with evergreens, and flowers scattered over all. We sang that lovely "Come to the Savior," with its beautiful chorus, "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be," and prayer was offered by Mr. Crozus, a Presbyterian here. I had hoped to have some Chinese in the service for the sake of the women especially, who were almost decided for Christ. But it seemed impossible. As we sang this song I looked for the two women we had, and had them come up by the grave with the family and held Marion's "Amah," (Luma) by the hand. Poor woman, the light is breaking, but of course she could not then have had the comfort we had. So as they were just letting the casket into its rest-

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

ing place, I began to sing "Jesus loves me," in Chinese, the only thing I knew, and every one joined in. There were many Chinese, and I pray that the little song *she* so often sang may have fallen on some ears to awaken them to love Him who first loved them. The cross of ferns and one calla lily in the center, sent by Mrs. Beebe, was left on the coffin as it went down among the evergreens. The day was a glory of sunshine, the first in a week, and we have not seen the sun shine since. It was one of the many blessings, to have a clear day. As we neared home, (after waiting to see the little mound when covered with evergreens and the flowers put on it) I began to dread coming back to the house, when there was Mrs. *Leaman*, the most like mother of any one in the world almost. She had stayed to meet me on my return. Christian fellowship and sympathy,—I never knew how precious they were before!

The boys say they have a little "Angel sister." Just as I was putting the children to bed that night, there came a three page note from Mrs. Ferguson, enclosing a poem sent to her when Alice went away last year. I read it to the boys, and they have asked for it at bed time every day since. We repeat the last few lines together. I enclose the poem. We have received so many letters which have been so comforting. The first days are sometimes not the hardest, and the heart wants comfort more and

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

more. For fully two weeks from one to six letters came daily. One says, "Jesus has called her to a richer, fuller life than this life could ever be. So the fleeting years in which you will not see her will be Marion's gain." One speaks of hearing of "the translation of dear little Marion" also, "The grave itself is but a covered bridge, through a brief darkness leading from Light to Light." Mr. Williams writes, "Marion was such a beautiful child, so bright, had such pretty ways, was always so good-natured that everybody was attracted by her." "She was one of the sweetest children I ever knew." I think one of the best tributes we have had to Marion's real sweetness of character and beauty altogether is the following: A German gentleman in the German Bank in Shanghai went down river on the steamer when Dr. Macklin took Marion down. As soon as he heard she had gone, he wrote a very nice sympathetic note to us, speaking of Marion as "the poor, dear, little girl, who was so charming and sweet when I went down river with you." He only knew her the one day, never had met the Doctor before or since, but yet he felt her death. Just one more word. Mr. Arnold writes, "It has been said that no parent can be said to possess a child forever until they have one in Heaven." I must not multiply these extracts. The messages from the "Word" in these notes have been right as

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

from God Himself, and have done us so much good. Now, dear ones, do not think of us as sorrowing as those who have no hope. We pray that her going on before may lead us up to God. We have one most precious treasure in Heaven now. . . .

The days are long, but pray for me, that I may bear the anguish, which *will not* stay away, to God's glory."

The poem which Mrs. Ferguson sent to Mrs. Macklin follows:

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

(1)

"O what do you think the angels say?"

Said the children up in Heaven.

"There's a *dear little girl coming home to-day*,

She is almost ready to fly away

From the earth we used to live in.

Let's go and open the Gates of Pearl,

Open them wide for this dear little girl,"

Said the children up in Heaven.

(2)

"Far on earth do you hear them weep?"

Said the children up in Heaven.

For the dear little girl has gone to sleep,

The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep

O'er the earth we used to live in,

But we'll go and open the Gates of Pearl,

O why do they weep for the little girl?"

Said the children up in Heaven.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

(3)

"God wanted her here where His little ones meet!"

Said the children up in Heaven.

"She shall play with us in the golden street,
She had grown too fair, she had grown too sweet,
For the earth we used to live in.

She needed the sunshine, this dear little girl
That gilds this side of the Gates of Pearl."
Said the children up in Heaven.

(4)

"Fly with her quickly, O angels dear!"

Said the children up in Heaven.

"See! she is coming; look there! look there!
At the jasper light on her golden hair
Where the veiling clouds are riven.
O, hush, hush, hush, the swift wings furl,
For the *King himself* at the Gates of Pearl
Is taking her hand, dear, *tired*, little girl,
And leading her *into* Heaven."

.

At the time our narrative opened Mrs. Macklin sewed rather lazily for a while. Her eyes had a dreamy, far-away look. She was thinking of the sweet days when her white-haired mother had sat in that room knitting, and of the days in the old temple. How faithfully grandmother had guarded baby Theodore from the rats that threatened to devour everything and everybody! But how different from

The Ever-
lasting
Arms

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

the old temple was this cosy house that the home workers had built for them near the Drum Tower—as different, almost, as the religions Buddhism and Christianity, which the buildings represented.

Suddenly she stopped the humming of “Home, Sweet Home”—she had been almost unconscious of singing it—and, realizing that for a little while she had not heard the boys’ voices and that the sun was getting low, she stepped to the veranda and called, “Theodore! William!” Immediately the little fellows answered her merrily from a tiny bamboo grove that had been planted in a corner of the yard for their especial benefit. They were never allowed outside the high brick walls of their own garden enclosure (securely locked gates guarding the entrance), unless accompanied by parent or trusted friend. The daily conversation of the ordinary Chinaman was so indecent, and the children had “picked up” enough of the language to understand a good deal. To Sunday school, for a visit, to an afternoon birthday party, wherever they might be going, always a competent escort must be provided. After noticing the children’s play for a few moments, it occurred to Mrs. Macklin that it was time the doctor should be coming home. Looking away across the hills she saw a horse, and felt sure the rider was her husband, but she could not understand his strange manner. Always a shout and wave of the hand greeted her as he caught sight of

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

her on the veranda, but to-day he seemed to be bowing forward, apparently scarcely able to keep his seat in the saddle.

"Theodore," she called, "run and tell Ma Fu to open the gate. Papa is coming, and I think he must be ill, he acts so strangely."

Hurrying below, she met Dr. Macklin as the boy who attended the cow and horse helped him to alight. He was ghastly pale, and blood stained his trouser leg. He could scarcely speak.

"Do n't be frightened, dearest. The horse fell. Get the doctors."

Though almost fainting from fatigue and loss of blood, this brave man cleansed the ugly wound while waiting for medical assistance. A bed was hastily arranged in the little parlor. An anesthetic was administered, and the great gash, just above the knee and reaching to the bone, was sewed up and bandaged. Not till the next day were the full particulars of the accident known.

Dr. Macklin's habit was to devote the forenoon to his hospital and dispensary practice, and in the afternoon to ride one of his native ponies to an out-station and preach. A crowd could always be speedily gathered in a tea house. Thus he kept up a number of out-stations, sowing abundantly the precious gospel seed. On this particular day he had been returning home when some Chinese children ran after him, crying lustily that some roughs were defacing the

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

tombstones in the foreigner's "God's acre," where his little Marion's body rested. Turning and galloping back, hoping to catch the intruders in their infamous act, his horse stumbled and fell with him, and a sharp stone inflicted the nasty wound. Scarcely able to get home for giddiness, he was thankful to see the gates swing open and his wife's sweet face welcome him.

For several weeks he remained a prisoner, and during that time a little daughter came to keep the boys company. An epidemic of measles had invaded the Macklin household some months before, not even omitting the little mother, and weeks of nursing, and her own critical illness, left serious marks on her tiny daughter. When but a few days old Edith was partially paralyzed, and the physicians consulting over her knew that her days on earth would not be many.

When Edith was three weeks old, and Mrs. Macklin was striving to resign herself to the thought that she must give her up, she entered into still deeper waters of affliction, for Dr. Macklin became critically ill. The doctor in attendance felt he must warn her as quickly as possible, and did so very gently. Because of long confinement indoors and of inability to take the exercise so indispensable to his physical well-being, Dr. Macklin's system had proved peculiarly susceptible to the miasmas that inevitably accompany the approach of the hot sea-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

son in the Yangste River basin. Soon all food was rejected. His case became more and more alarming. Artificial nourishment was resorted to. Dorothy, blessed with an indomitable will, resolutely disregarding the physician's advice and the admonitions of solicitous friends, dressed, and assumed charge in the sick room.

"O, my Father, anything but this," she prayed in anguish, as she bent over the face of her sleeping husband. The pupils showed through the closed eyelids, so great was his emaciation. His pallor was deathlike. Day and night she watched, bathed, lifted, nursed him. "As thy days so thy strength shall be," was the promise she hourly took to the Father, claiming its verification in her sore extremity, and it came in the gift of superhuman endurance.

It was late in June. The damp, hot air stifled and enervated.

"O, my darling, I can't live here. To the mountains," he whispered as she bent her ear to his lips to catch the faint words.

"How can you take him such a trip?" said good Dr. Beebe, when she sought him for advice. "And you—you are ill yourself," he added.

Dorothy could only take his kindly hand and hide her face in her handkerchief. O, it was too hard to have her darling going, and baby too! Her brain reeled and she could scarcely move or think.

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

She had thought, years before, when she fled from the mob, that was trial enough. But then her own were safely spared to her.

"Give me strength, dear Lord! I can't let any one else nurse him."

But that night she yielded when Dr. Beebe's most trusted nurse, so capable, so kindly, came to relieve her.

"Go and get one good night's sleep, dear," she said sympathetically.

Shortly after entering her room, Dorothy was troubled to hear complaints from the tiny invalid baby. She was wailing as loudly as her strength would allow. Hastily seeking the cause of the little one's discomfort, what was the mother's horror to find a centipede three inches long fastened on the tiny hand! Help was summoned, pure ammonia applied, and free bleeding established. Prompt measures averted the distressing consequences that would naturally ensue, and Dorothy, giving careful directions to her faithful Luma, who had become a Christian through Marion's sweet ministry, threw herself on the bed exhausted. She dreamed that her stately mother, with the beautiful "moonlight hair," and clad all in white, was picking up apricots in their front yard with Marion, and that she told her that her husband was well, and baby Edith an angel.

The next few days only increased Dr. Macklin's

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

extreme weakness. He constantly pleaded for mountain air.

"O, I must take him away," Dorothy urged.

"Well, it seems an impossible task, but he says he can not live twenty-four hours in the valley, and

**Blessed
Reward of
Heroism** I think he is right about it. If you think you can, by any miracle, accomplish it, I give my consent," the doctor said. It was five o'clock in the evening. At four the

next morning the only boat that would pass up the river for the next three days would leave the wharf, five miles distant. They must get there that night. Details might be somewhat tedious, but that the herculean task may be in some degree appreciated, let the reader in civilized surroundings imagine, if possible, instead of a summer outing with cars, hotels, and all modern conveniences at their disposal, a laborious journey, and the necessity of carrying all the furniture, food, bedding, etc., for a family of six, including two invalids!

Dorothy must needs pay constant attention to the sick, but with a presence of mind for which she devoutly thanked the blessed Giver, she was able to direct the hurried preparations, friends packing the necessary clothing, and Chinese domestics attending to the culinary arrangements. The boys were active helpers, collecting this and that and making their own toilets. At ten o'clock that night they were all on the river bank. The Chinese inn with its dread-

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

ful odors and vermin was not to be thought of, and the beds were hastily set up on the ground, and under God's stars they rested, from sheer exhaustion, in spite of the mosquitoes. His precious promise, "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms," a grateful pillow.

The next day they went by steamer several hours up the river, then across the country in sedan chairs carried by coolies. The sick man was on a stretcher, the bearers of which occasionally lifted the canopy hung across the pole for protection, and remarked with oriental stoicism, "*He's dead!*"

There was a rest of a few hours in a native inn, and then the climb again. For only two years had such a refuge from the heat and sickness of the valley been possible in China, and how thankful Dorothy was that three days' journey would put them on the mountain top, instead of the long, expensive journey to Japan being necessary, as formerly.

The ascent of the mountain was terrifying. Up, up, up! The coolies carrying the chairs were swift runners and strong. Without stopping in their rapid gait they would swing the pole over bowed head to the opposite shoulder, never imagining that the extraordinary proceeding brought the heart of their guest into her mouth, producing simultaneously a sickening pain at the pit of the stomach!

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

Lumber for the summer cottages had been brought along the mountain side on the backs of coolies, and to avoid striking the sides of the mountain it had been the practice of the laborers to keep as far from the mountain as possible. Hence the path was worn right on the edge of the precipice, a dizzy height rising on one hand, on the other, the awful depths below so near that the least mis-step would have hurled them into destruction.

Dorothy had toiled with superhuman strength, and when all was so nearly accomplished, and she had seated herself in the chair ready for the ascent of the mountain, the reaction began to set in. Every step was torture, so strained were her tired nerves. As they began to get into the cold mountain air, so different from the hot, oppressive atmosphere of the valley they were leaving behind them, intense pain racked her poor body. She clasped her baby close with only one distinct, intense desire, "Will must not know how I am suffering," and smothered back the groans of agony that it seemed would rend her. At last the dreadful final climb of three hundred steps was accomplished. How could she have endured the motion another moment with this excruciating colic racking her!

She caught sight of her husband's stretcher as it was let down at the door of Mrs. Meigs' cottage. Good Mrs. Meigs, their dear friend and neighbor, had preceded them a few days, and now offered

MY LITTLE SISTER IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

the hospitality of their home till the Macklins could get theirs somewhat settled.

Dorothy was thankful that the Doctor was in the house and out of hearing distance before her chair was let down. A friend was beside her instantly, and she managed to whisper, "I am in agony; don't let Will know." Taking the slight form in his strong arms the friend carried her swiftly into the house. Almost beside herself with pain, she allowed them to chafe the cold hands and apply heat internally and externally. The pain yielded somewhat, and she insisted upon going herself to Will's side to assure him that she was all right, and then hastened to inquire for the comfort of the invalid baby. Not many days did tiny Edith linger with them, and the little grave on the Kuling hills made sacred the retreat that had brought them such wonderful respite from suffering. . . .

Swiftly the summer days passed. Dr. Macklin's recovery was very rapid.

"She saved his life," was frequently remarked as they passed on their rambles—"as devoted as two young lovers."

"She's the bravest little thing you ever saw," said Mrs. Meigs, for in far-away Japan when the letter came telling of all she had endured, we said, "Now is the time to make the long-talked-of visit," and we went over to carry some little comfort to the young heart so far away from home.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

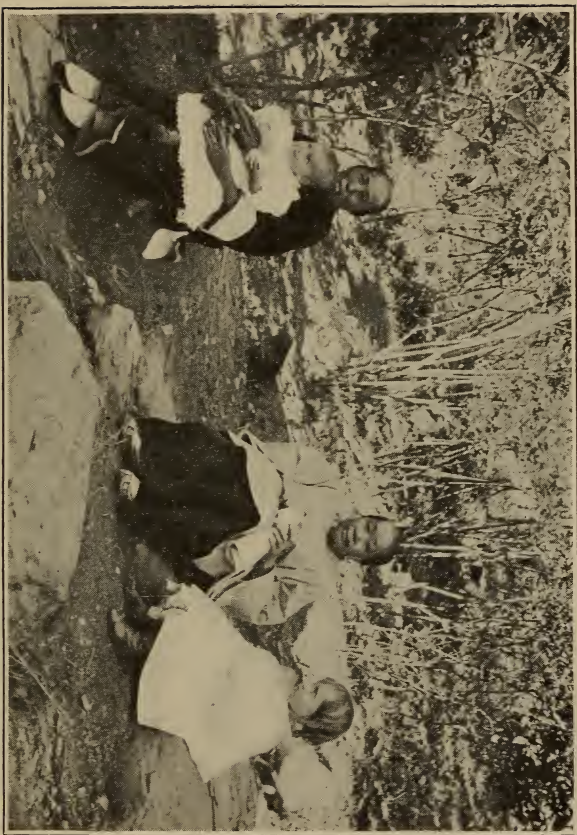
My little sister still lives and labors in China. Infinite are the demands on time and strength. The larger children must be taught. The little ones must be tended. Only in His strength can any mother be "sufficient" for these things.

The mothers in this blessed land, with schools, kindergartens, churches, Sunday schools, music teachers, and a thousand adjuncts of civilized society to help them in the great work of rearing a family, should remember the missionary mothers, who are continually facing a siege as strenuous as that on which many of our famous generals made their reputation.

The facts of these ardent lives, lived quietly and unostentatiously, are seldom given to the public.

"Is heroism dead in this our day?

No more rides forth in shining mail the knight,
To do brave deeds in battle for the right,
Or glitter in the tournament's array;
But has the noble heart burned out for aye
Which kindled in those breasts such living fire?
Nay, Virtue's flame may but more straight aspire
With every breath of glory shut away.
Who keep, 'mid bosom foes, their souls alive,
Who furnish other's need at cost untold,
With young hopes wounded, unapplauded strive,—
Are they no knights? A Master said of old,
That Honor but from Service doth derive;
From Him their title comes, their rank they hold."



LUMA.

"A little child shall lead them."

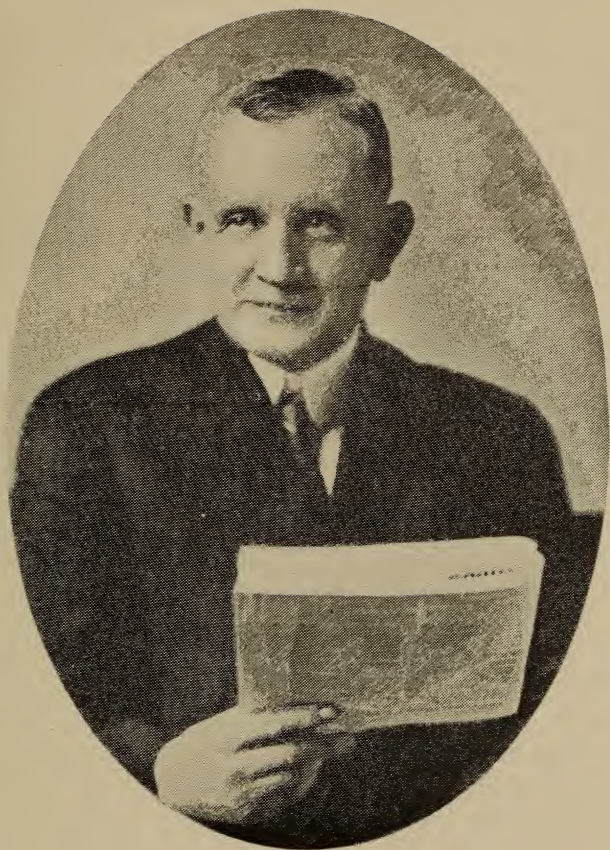
JUNGMA.

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

"We have heard much of the spirit of the British and American soldier and sailor, uncomplainingly eating hardtack and alleged canned roast beef, watching in muddy trenches, soaked with tropical rains, coolly sailing over torpedoes and submarine mines, charging with ringing cheers up the slopes of cannon-crested hills and through fever-breeding swamps. But they had the relief of action, the consciousness of being armed, the pulse-quickenning bugle and drum, the sight of thousands of comrades. They were sustained by the knowledge that millions of determined people were ready to give them every possible support, that thousands of newspapers were blazoning their deeds to the world, and that prayers were being offered for them in a hundred thousand pulpits and around innumerable family altars. They knew, too, that if they were stricken by bullets or by disease a grateful and sorrowing nation would revere their memory and care for their loved ones.

"But the soldiers of the Cross have few of these outward supports of the soldier. They spend their lives amid the climatic and sanitary conditions which so quickly sapped the vitality of American troops in Cuba and the Philippines. Such silent, invisible foes as cholera and bubonic plague sometimes test

the nerves as severely as the whistling of bullets, especially as they menace for months, while a battle lasts only a few days. If a mob forms, the missionary is often alone, far from succor, surrounded by brutal foes, absolutely unarmed, forbidden to fight, and scorning to run. To stand calmly at the post of duty in such circumstances and look Death squarely in the face requires fortitude surpassing the demands of any battlefield. When some imperiled British missionaries in Africa declined to desert the native Christians and accept the protection of a ship of war, the admiral in command gazed at them a moment in amazement. Then, taking off his cap, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, your courage is magnificent; men have been given the Victoria Cross for less heroism than yours.'"—Extract from "The Foreign Missionary," by Arthur Judson Brown.



DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING.

Dr. Macklin of Nanking

Picture a moonlight night in North Japan, in April, 1885. A rude mission house, of Japanese structure, stands near the river bank. A high, board fence encloses the yard, and the gates are heavily barred. Yonder, a mile away, is a newly made grave, in a Buddhist cemetery. There rests the body of Josephine Wood Smith, the first missionary of the Disciples of Christ to sleep in Oriental soil. It is near midnight, and within the mission home no sound is heard save the feeble wail of the tiny, motherless babe, Josephine Estelle Smith, and the soft moving to and fro of her tender, anxious nurses. Suddenly there is a loud pounding at the gates, and we spring from our beds with a glad cry—"The doctor has come!" Hastily adjusting our clothing we hurry to meet our long-looked-for guest. Dr. Macklin is chilly and tired. He is very thirsty, and as he drinks quantities of water (having first inquired if it had been boiled), we watch him earnestly. How young he looks—almost boyish. He is, in fact, only twenty-five years old; is clean shaven, of more than medium height, and has the square chin and clear, blue eye of the man of

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

determined purpose and purity of character. We have not seen a foreigner for many months, and chat eagerly of "home," and the big world from which we have long been debarred. Dr. Macklin had come to the city of Akita, with its population of 36,000 souls, the capital of a province numbering 600,000 inhabitants, in all of which territory there was not a single resident Protestant missionary outside the Smith-Garst family. O, what parishes at the "Uttermost Parts" of the world field!

Away back in Middlesex County, Canada, in May, 1860, William E. Macklin was born. The evil associations of a wicked little town had their effect on the boy as he developed but the influence of a brave boy companion (the son of a Methodist minister) who was strong to rebuke profanity in an associate; the work of the Sunday school, and the companionship of a devoted Christian mother, who required him to read a chapter a day in the Bible, saved "Willie" Macklin to do God's work in the world. Having completed academic training, the young man took his M. D. degree at Toronto Medical College at the age of nineteen, and began practicing in a little town near London, Canada. The youthful doctor was much amused when, one day, an Indian squaw came to his office and asked for medicine.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Doctor.

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

"You ought to know. You are the doctor!" the squaw replied indignantly, turned on her heel and left him, and he never saw her again.

At twenty years of age Dr. Macklin became a Christian. During four years of successful practice he carefully saved his money with the goal in view of a post graduate course in New York, and while carrying out this plan he saw, in the *Christian Standard*, an earnest call from Isaac Errett for darkest Africa, and offered himself for that mission. Plans for the African mission failing, the Doctor was asked to go to either Japan or India. He chose the island empire. He left behind him at the New York Polyclinic, as we have already heard, the reputation of being their "best all-round man." Proceeding to London, England, Dr. Macklin entered with enthusiasm upon the special study of the eye, but shortly hearing of grave conditions in the Japan mission, he resigned his strong personal desire for further study, and pushed eastward. Arriving in Nagasaki, the first port reached in Japan, he wired a greeting to Akita, and, alas! had to be saddened by the return message that the funeral of Josephine Smith was being held that day, March 25th. Owing to poor steamer service, it was nearly a month before Dr. Macklin reached the port opposite Akita, and hurried around the promontory, by pack horse, to our city.

How the grave and gay mingle in life! Mr.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

Smith had conceived the idea that pigs would thrive in Akita, and asked the Doctor to bring up a few. The little fellows were all right during the sea voyage, but when confined in baskets on either side of a shambling pack horse they grew restless, and insisted upon getting out. The men leading the pack horses hastened to secure the obstreperous porkers, when Dr. Macklin resumed his insistent reiteration of the well-conned phrase, "Akita hayaku! Akita hayaku!" (Akita quick.)

In less than four days after his arrival the Doctor watched beside the deathbed of Mr. Smith's baby daughter, and at midnight of Sunday, April 20th, helped shroud the little form. Twelve hours later Hartzell Garst was born. Into a home thus chastened by joy and sorrow, grief and pain, came the kindly, efficient, physician-friend.

Dr. Macklin was an earnest Bible student and indefatigable in language study. He insisted upon a generous amount of physical exercise for every member of the mission, and in this way was a benediction, especially to the men, with whom he took long tramps. He was ceaseless in his admiration of the wonderful baby. Many were the good jokes told, and the hearty laughs that help keep the missionary in useful trim. Mr. Garst was assiduously cultivating the acquaintance of a cow, part Jersey, and the rest, as the small boy would probably say, "just *cow*," and Japanese cow at that. Her yield

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

of milk was not such as to augur a prosperous career for the Garst baby. This cow, Mr. Garst said, "would climb a tree to hook a fellow in foreign clothes." Good-natured with the Japanese, she scented an Occidental from afar, and fire was in her eye. Dr. Macklin thought she should be disciplined.

"O, you should n't give up to her so easy! Just watch me!" exhorted the over-confident tenderfoot as he approached the attentive bovine with assurance. He was doomed to disappointment, for the cow was not responsive, and the Doctor's retreat was more hurried than graceful, as she charged upon him, tossing her anti-foreign horns high in air.

Dr. Macklin made good progress in the study of the Japanese language, and did some itinerating, preaching, and healing. But carefully noting conditions, he concluded that Japan was not the field in which he could make his medical preparation tell most for the advancement of Christianity. Under the instruction of German specialists, the Japanese doctors had already become very proficient; good medical schools and hospitals had been established, and the encroachment of foreign physicians was warmly resented. Under such circumstances the medical missionary could not be other than a hindrance to Christian work. The Foreign Christian Missionary Society readily acceded to Dr. Macklin's plan to open work in China, and he left us in December, 1885. While we heartily approved of his

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

course, we gave him up most regretfully, and could hardly keep back the tears the morning he left us.

In the city of Nanking, which became the center of our work in China, Dr. Macklin was called the "foreign devil," hooted at, pelted with mud, and tiles were hurled at him from the roofs of the houses. He smilingly plodded on. Messrs. Saw and Hearn-
**Work Be-
gun in
Nanking** don, of W. T. Moore's Training Class, in London, England, joined Dr. Macklin in the fall of 1886, and Messrs. Meigs and Williams and their families came out in the spring of 1888. Naturally enough, after more than two years of bachelor life, the coming of ladies to the mission was welcomed by these men with hilarious joy. In fact, tradition has it that Dr. Macklin, over exuberant, was even guilty, shortly after their arrival, of perpetrating a practical joke, as a vent to his feelings. A picnic party was planned, and when the donkeys were brought to the door of the old Buddhist temple, where the families were living, the Doctor managed to give the wink to the Chinese boys who were leading them, and the two most vicious mounts were assigned to the dignified divines, Messrs. Meigs and Williams, fresh from the Occident. The result was a most laughable downfall of the cloth, and a very promiscuous scramble on the roadside. No bones were broken, and all joined heartily in the merriment, not knowing till some time after that

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

the Doctor had been at the bottom of the school-boy prank.

After twenty months spent in diligent study of the language, and travel over the empire, to make sure that Nanking was the best place to locate, Dr. Macklin rented a large building in the native city, and opened a dispensary. Later he secured ground in the northeast part of the city, and opened the Drum Tower Mission.

In the spring of 1888, Dr. Macklin baptized the first convert, Shi, who had formerly been a street story teller and ballad singer, and who will be referred to later in these sketches.

In Japan we were watching eagerly the progress of the China Mission. On a hot July day in 1888, as I returned from a meeting for women, **Dr. Macklin Visits Japan** I was surprised to find a jinrikisha at our door. The two runners were breathing hard, and mopping the sweat from face and form with the inevitable blue cotton towel of the Japanese *riki* men. I saw at once that they had come from a distance, and wondered who had looked in upon us, when, through the open slides, I caught sight of Dr. Macklin in the sitting room. He had taken a hurried run over from Nanking, presumably to renew old acquaintances, but chiefly actuated by a deep desire to meet my little sister, Dorothy DeLany. The reader knows what followed—the strong attachment that was formed dur-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

ing his visit, the correspondence for several months, the second coming of the Doctor, and his return to China with his pretty bride, in the winter of 1889.

A few days before the wedding party departed for Tokyo, our thatch-roofed cottage was burned to the ground. Fortunately, most of the luggage of the prospective bride had been safely forwarded by pack horse a few days before. A short time of inconvenience ensued, during which we were housed in the little chapel.

Dr. Macklin was exceedingly solicitous concerning the comfort of the ladies during the hard trip to Tokyo. Several days must be spent in sleds, as coolies hauled the company over the snow covered mountains to the railroad. Thinking Dorothy and her mother would pass the time more pleasantly if together, Dr. Macklin had a large sled made to order. When completed it looked unpleasantly like a huge coffin, but all such suggestion quickly vanished when the laughing maiden and dignified elderly lady faced each other, comfortably seated in either end of the sled. The bright rugs were snugly tucked about them, the tandem of sturdy coolies in front and the two "push" coolies behind, gave hilarious signals, and they were off, Mr. Garst and the groom elect bringing up the rear in separate sleds and in high spirits.

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

The wedding was an international affair, as Dr. Macklin is a Canadian, and so under the British flag. The ceremony was performed at the British Legation in Tokyo, a representative being present from the American diplomatic body.

My mother, having given her "baby" daughter to China, returned with Mr. Garst to our northern home, feeling that such a gift could not be estimated in cold cash.

Reaching Nanking, Dr. and Mrs. Macklin went to housekeeping in the ramshackle old Buddhist temple, which was infested with sacred snakes, centipedes, and other frightful creatures, and impossible to lock or bar against thieves. Here the sainted Carrie Loos Williams also lived. It is well that the workers in Nanking are now pretty well housed, but there are other stations where buildings are sorely needed. The call to put good homes on the mission field should be quickly heeded.

In a peculiar sense the missionary's home is his paradise—a shelter from the heathen environment all about him. The missionary's children are an important contribution to the success of the work, opening many avenues of approach to the people. Eight children have been given to Dr. and Mrs. Macklin in China, four sons and four daughters. The bodies

**The
Historic
Buddhist
Temple**

**The Mis-
sionary's
Home**

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

of the two little girls, Marion and Edith, mingle with the dust of China. Three sons are in school in America, and the remaining three children are with their parents in Nanking. Such large families are not looked upon with favor in the Occident, unfortunately, but in the Orient they are a passport to highest esteem. The Christian home is a prime factor in leavening heathenism. In the midst of demands that are overwhelming, Dr. Macklin does not forget the claims of the home upon him. He helps a little with the children's lessons, guiding them in the study of Latin and the natural sciences. Many a fowl is dissected to show the little people the structure of throat, heart, etc.

Dr. Macklin gets his physical training by means of a large garden, in which fruits, flowers, and vegetables are cultivated. This garden is famous in Nanking, contributing richly to the enjoyment and health of Dr. Macklin's family and many in the community.

In 1891 there were serious riots in Nanking. Dr. Macklin's cisterns were broken open by the mob, who confidently expected to find in them the bodies of the babies whose eyes and fingers, they maintained, had been used by the foreign doctor in making medicine. Altruism is so foreign to the Chinese mind, that when cast-off babies are rescued, some ulterior motive is

**Riots in
Nanking**



DR. MACKLIN AT HOME.

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

believed to have actuated the deed, and an explanation is trumped up and used by anti-foreign sympathizers to incite the rabble to destructive demonstrations. The first concern of the Doctor during these riots was to get his wife and baby boy safely on a steamer for Shanghai, and to send his manikin there for safe storage, for he knew if it was found at the dispensary it would be pronounced by the infuriated mischief makers, to be the skeleton of a Chinaman.

F. E. Meigs, on furlough in 1891, made a strong appeal at the Allegheny City convention for a hospital in Nanking; the first one thousand dollars were given by A. M. Atkinson.

The Drum Tower Hospital A fine building was erected near the Drum Tower; in Nanking, a triple memorial to Isaac Errett, Joseph King, and O. A. Burgess. In this hospital are well furnished private rooms for patients in good circumstances, and their fees help in the support of the large charity work for which Dr. Macklin is fast becoming famous. When the building was dedicated, the literati of the city, erstwhile enemies of the missionaries, as of all foreigners, were ready to ask permission to assist in the ceremonies, and they decorated the walls with crimson satin scrolls, brilliant with Chinese hieroglyphics wrought in gold, portraying the virtues of the foreign medicine man.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

Dr. Osgood says: "Dr. Macklin has been doctor, trainer of assistants, chief general surgeon, preacher, translator of medical and educational books, itinerator to a dozen out-points for preaching, tract producer and distributor, and station physician." It would be difficult to tell in which of these many departments he has been the most successful. Everything a consecrated missionary does contributes to the advancement of gospel work. All institutional work is directly conducive to evangelism. How can it be otherwise, when the gospel is taught, and Christian literature is distributed, and gospel songs sung in every hospital and dispensary, and students in school become embryo evangelists, assisting the missionary in every service? Even the sewing circle and cooking class become centers for direct Christian influence.

For many years Dr. Macklin preached daily in the dispensaries and hospital. Now noble workers, trained by himself and others, do this work most effectively, supervised by Frank Garrett. Dr. Macklin speaks of helpers who would give their lives for the work. One preacher holds audiences for three consecutive hours in the evening. These men are not paid for their preaching, either.

Dr. Macklin is a profound Chinese scholar, and is exceedingly clever in his references to the history

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

and superstitions of the Chinese in his preaching, using these as illustrations. In this way he applies

**The Story
of a Chinese
Hero**

the story of Yo Fei, a "Gentile," who did by "nature the things contained in the law." Yo Fei was born on the banks of the Yellow River, at the time of the Norman Rule in England. During a terrible flood, Yo Fei and his mother were placed in an iron pot, which, with much wreckage, was carried far down the stream. The man who chose, from the abundant plunder, the iron pot and its burden, was jeered at by his companions because of his foolhardiness in assuming the responsibility of two more mouths to feed. As Yo Fei grew into youth, he was faithful to his widowed mother, and spent much time on the hills gathering fuel for her, when other lads were out at play. The mother was a scholar, but so pitifully poor that she could not buy either books, pen, or ink, but taught Yo Fei by writing in the dust with a stick. This incident gives a splendid illustration in favor of female education. When a school was opened in the town in which he lived, Yo Fei was debarred, by poverty, from entering it, but when the master discovered some of his writing on a plastered wall he recognized his ability and adopted him, giving him every opportunity for culture. He was trained in the classics and in military tactics. When he went up

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

for the examinations he was offered his choice of several horses, and selected one especially vicious and dirty, dashed into the river with him, and by means of a thorough scrubbing, transformed him into a beautiful, white steed, by means of which he greatly distinguished himself in the tournament. When there was a call for troops to defend the empire against the Kui Tartars, Yo Fei was put into a conspicuous place. When the general asked him what would be his plans for battle, Yo Fei discreetly answered, "Use the plans that circumstances and times demand." This is Dr. Macklin's text when urging the Chinese to change according to the spirit of the times. Yo Fei was brilliantly successful in the war. His comrades, forced by hunger, became brigands, and Yo Fei drew a line on the ground, saying, "I am loyal and honest; you become thieves; this line parts us forever." Not yielding to the many inducements offered by emissaries sent to confer with him, though he and his mother were starving, Yo Fei waited till the call of his country gave him an honorable opening, and then went forth to battle, branded on the back by his mother with the words: "Loyal, Faithful, True, and Holy," as a warning to him to follow righteousness. Yo Fei defeated the Tartars, and drove out the prince of the bandits with his followers. Using the bandit to illustrate the devil, and likening the gods of the temples to his followers,

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

Dr. Macklin pleads for the One, who, stronger than Satan, has power even over death, and who can deliver those who are all their lifetime subject to bondage. Yo Fei again led his troops against the Tartars, but was the victim of jealousy and duplicity, was seized, imprisoned, and martyred. His grave has been honored for centuries by the Chinese, and he is an exemplification of the "work of the law" written in Chinese hearts.

Dr. Macklin is fearless in rebuking the iniquity of idol worship. He tells us in the *Intelligencer* of

**A Fearless
Preacher**

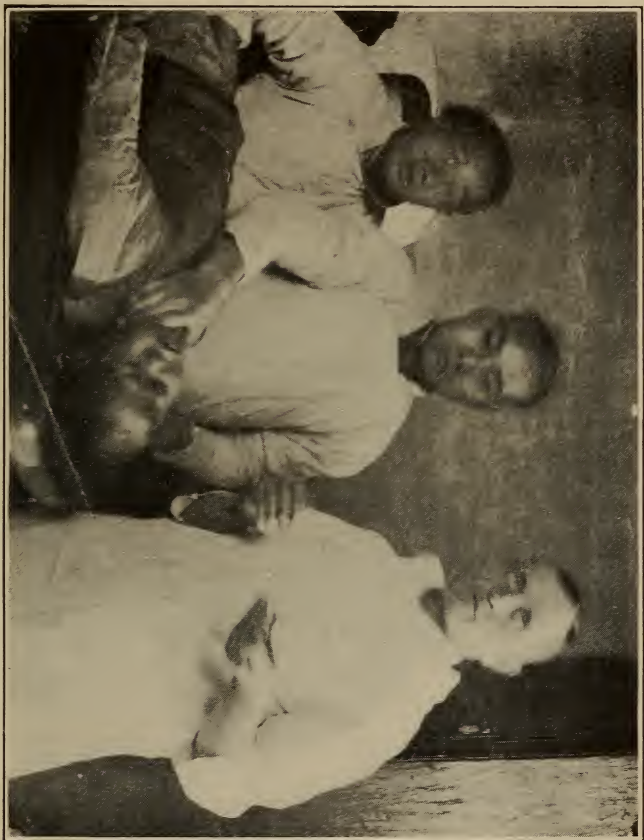
October, 1901: "The devil is the only real god of China. The proverb says, 'The devil settles that you die at the third watch; who can stay on till the fifth watch?' The gods of the temples are practically only officers of the devil, and offerings made to them are really bribes to gain their kindly offices as mediators, just as the people get 'justice' (?) by bribing the writers and underlings of the officials. In a large temple near our hospital, mud images of the sick are placed before the infernal officers as substitutes for those sick and likely to die. Male children often have an ear-ring put in one ear, and are, as it were, made into girls, so the devil will not be so ready to take them. Boys' noses are singed so they are like cattle, to save them from the devil. Children are often made god children to a stone turtle, and other devilish objects, to preserve life." It is estimated that

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

the Chinese pay one-fourth of their income in idol worship. Dr. Macklin exclaims: "O, the bondage and sorrow of the Chinese! The mention of the word 'death' causes consternation to the people. We preach the idea of a Savior from this devil, and we feel that we wrestle not against flesh and blood. There is a veritable Prince of Darkness. Would that we had the tongues of angels to quickly bring the people to a knowledge of the truth that shall make them free. I have presented this idea of the god of China to the people for years, and nobody thinks it peculiar. They agree with me. About a year ago I was chatting with a couple of prominent officials, both educated in English. One said, 'We must have schools and colleges.' I said, 'You can't, as you spend your money on devil worship.' One indignantly said, 'I do not worship devils.' His companion said, 'You are young yet, wait till you are old. All Chinamen worship devils.' This was said in English, at dinner on a steamer, before all the passengers."

Dr. Wakefield, one of Dr. Macklin's associates in the work, pictures an afternoon with the Doctor as he preaches in one of the many villages about Nanking. "I remember one afternoon we left dinner early and started across country. Every one knows the Doctor. Often they stop and speak to him or shout a greeting from the fields. We finally reached our

**Village
Itinerary**



“FATHER, GLORIFY THY NAME.”

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

village, and when Dr. Macklin comes to town he needs no church bell to call the people. As soon as a child on the edge of the village sees him, he starts up the cry, 'Ma Sen seng lai liao.' It is picked up by children down the street, and in fifteen minutes has gone down every alley and cross street, and every one in the place knows that 'Dr. Macklin has come.' He goes to the largest tea house. The tea house is the social center in the Chinese city, and crowds gather quickly. They come, the sick, lame, and blind, crying for help. Men with poor, broken, ill-set limbs beg him to straighten them so they can work again. He gives such aid as he can, telling cases he can help when to come to the hospital. Many he must turn away. Help comes too late. Dr. Macklin suggests they must be very lazy people in that town—they all have poor, thatched houses, hardly fit for animals—if they were industrious they would have good homes, with tile roofs. But they protest, 'Why, Dr. Macklin, you know we are hard-working people; you know we are not lazy.' 'Well, hold up your hands, then,' says the Doctor. They hold up their hands. Great ridges of callous places cross them. They are hard with toil. The Doctor scratches his head. 'I knew you worked,' he says, 'but your homes?' Suddenly his face clears. 'Ah!' said he, 'I have it. As I came into town I noticed your temple was a beautiful building, with a fine tile roof. Your priest, as he passed, I no-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

ticed was dressed beautifully in heavy silk. O, that's it! that's it! The priest in the temple sits and says his prayer—' and Dr. Macklin keeps repeating the Buddhist prayer till he has it made into a buzz like the song of a mosquito. 'O that's it! The priest sits there in his temple and says his prayer; he is like the mosquito. He stings you; he stings you. He sticks his claws into you; takes everything from your pocket. He gives you nothing but fear and misery and despair. There is no peace, no hope, no joy, no love in his religion. He has a fine temple and dresses in silks. He leaves you in a shack, the night of despair. O, men, how long must you cling to such foolishness? Why is it you will not listen to Him who gave His life for you, that you might have peace and joy and happiness? Why will you not give your life to Him, who, because He loved you, gave His life for you, that your lives might be filled with love? Why is it, men?' They hang their heads, for his sermon has reached their hearts. They know he lives his sermon, and they can not get away from it. So, quietly, he leaves them standing there, goes out and gets on his horse, and hurries for home. I tell you, some day I expect to see a church in that village, and a tablet on the wall with the words, '*Ma Sen seng lai liao.*'—'Dr. Macklin came.'"

In his report for 1909, Dr. Macklin says in re-

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

gard to his evangelistic work: "Eight to ten earnest workers, my students, and preachers in the Bible college go frequently to my fifteen out-stations, north and east of the city. I also make preaching trips to these places four times a week." . . .

In the spring of 1910, shortly after Dr. Macklin left for America, a remarkable revival meeting was held at the old South Gate Dispensary, where the work was begun by him nearly twenty-five years ago. This station is in the very heart of the Chinese city. The narrow street, the jostling traffic, the harsh roar of discordant sounds, the rough, coarse, heathen jangle, the odious stench—all bespeak the sore need of the Christ, with his balm for body, mind, and soul. Evangelist Shi was the principal preacher during the meeting. Careful, previous preparation was made; the Christians were organized into groups of workers, and into praying circles. Arrangements were made to seat five hundred, but from the first the accommodations were inadequate. The overflow pleaded earnestly to be admitted. "I came so far;" "I was here last night and do not want to miss the connection," these and many other pleas were presented for admittance. The Spirit of God was strongly manifest in the meetings. He convicted of sin. One hundred and sixty-seven decided for the new life, and the missionaries and their associates said, "O, if only Dr. Macklin could have seen it all."

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

Missionaries early learned that not alone by preaching, but by all the power of developed work as seen in Christian lands, must Christianity be fortified in pagan lands, if it is to be successful. "Thy Kingdom come," is a prayer for righteousness, justice, and liberty, which must permeate every avenue of life. The Anti-Opium Society, Anti-Footbinding Society, and the Christian Literature Society are mighty forces for the improvement of conditions temporal and spiritual in China. A strong Christian literature is eminently necessary, and especially helpful, because the Chinese are great readers, and have superstitious reverence for the printed page. Dr. Macklin has translated into Chinese, biographies of eminent men who have contributed to the progress of Christian enlightenment in Anglo-Saxon countries. Among these, the lives of Thomas Jefferson, Cromwell, Wycliffe, and William the Silent (Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which is on the list of text-books for preparation for civil service examinations). Mr. Li, a Chinese scholar of reputation, was Dr. Macklin's efficient helper in much of this literary work. The Doctor says (speaking of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic"): "I translated by dictating the chapters, and giving him, as an accepted writer, the liberty to embellish the writing. Then he brought me the book and I went over it very carefully, perhaps re-wrote parts of it. So, when

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

it was done, it was a Western book in Chinese dress, which makes it quite readable to the Chinese." The next great work undertaken was Greene's (unabridged) "History of the English People," one of the finest pieces of literature in the English language. Together Dr. Macklin and Mr. Li worked five years to complete this. The great Viceroy, Tuan Fang (who, in spite of the edict of the Empress Dowager, protected the foreign refugees during the Boxer uprising), not only wrote a splendid preface to this book, but also gave Dr. Macklin five hundred dollars to assist him in his medical work.

The former Viceroy, Jo Foo, used a number of copies of the work as gifts to his friends, and the present Viceroy of Nanking, Jan, acknowledging the receipt of a copy, said he would leave it on his desk for constant reference.

"Swiss Life in Town and Country" was also translated. "Our aim," Dr. Macklin says, "in these translations was to give the Chinese scholars and officials our secret of Christian civilization. Such books as Greene's 'History of the English People,' and Motley's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' show the influence of Christianity in developing democracy and political liberty, much as the Old Testament shows the influence of religion in the development of the Jew. It upsets the agnostic evolution theory by showing that our progress is due

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

to Christian leadership and influence." The last book translated with Mr. Li was "The Church of Christ," by a Layman, in both the book and colloquial forms, and it is in its second edition. Mr. Li's untimely death, over a year ago, from tuberculosis, was a blow to Dr. Macklin. He feels that he has lost a brother. "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, is ready for the third edition, "The Theory of Human Progression," by Patrick Edward Dove, meets the sophistries of the agnostic evolutionist, and such writings as those of Huxley, which are translated, and eagerly read by the literary classes. Spencer's "Social Statics," which he wrote before he became an agnostic, the best answer to "Philip Drunk, by Philip Sober," has also been translated. Such works will have their place in making a new China for God.

Time would fail to tell of the innumerable pages and leaflets Dr. Macklin gives to the people in his tracts. Of these tracts we read: "But the people press around and want one of Dr. Macklin's Tracts. Now there is nothing in the world quite like Dr. Macklin's tracts. I remember one he had that afternoon. It had the picture of a coffin at the top. It was a tract on opium. The finest thing a young man can give his father is a coffin. The old gentleman puts it underneath his bed and keeps it there, ready to drop into when he dies, for above all things else, a China-

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

man wishes respectable burial. Below this picture was printed a story like this: 'You men, smoking opium, buy yourself a coffin, crawl into it, have some one nail it almost tight, and stay there till your craving for opium is gone. If you die, you have a coffin and respectable burial, which is more than you have if you continue the use of opium. (For a Chinaman sells absolutely everything—home, wife, girls, son—for opium.) If you live, you can have your friends pry up the cover, and you come out a man, with your coffin on hand.'” Then he tells them to come to his hospital, where he will put them into an opium ward, under guard. He will feed them, give them needed medicine, and they will come out men.

In an annual report, Dr. Macklin modestly refers to this stupendous literary work in the following words: “This translation takes up about six hours a week of my time, and is the way I keep up in the language.”

Dr. Macklin says: “The medical work is the great work of the medical missionary. I believe he ought to devote himself to preaching all he can, but if he is sent out alone, and finds a great amount of spiritual work, with no one but himself to do it, he is likely to withdraw too much of his energies from his medical work. With every medical missionary we ought to have a number of preachers. The

**Medical
Mission
Work**

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

preaching must not be neglected, but the trouble with the medical missionary is that he is left with double work on his hands. He should not give up his preaching, but yet he ought to be thorough in his medical work. The medical man who is looked up to is the one who does the best work, and can be depended on in sickness. If one were on an eminence and took a bird's-eye view of what has been done in China, he would see that the medical men are doing nothing more than putting into practice what Christ did when He was on earth. Jesus went about doing good. Suppose a man went out to preach the gospel without any thought or care for the suffering and afflicted—his mission would somehow be a failure. The medical work was always held in by the societies. It was so in Japan, and when the Japanese Government wanted medical men for schools, they asked the Emperor of Germany. The result is that the whole medical body there has gone atheistic." Further, the Doctor suggests that a good medical college be established in Nanking, by interdenominational effort, and that is being done. For years Dr. Macklin had no assistant in his work. He has every form of disease to treat, and many surgical patients. It was the usual thing for him to go to bed with from one to six very sick patients on his mind. He must look after the sterilization of his instruments and dressings, and after operations, turn nurse and see personally to



MRS. LILY MOLLAND.

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

the care of the patient. He had to see to the cleaning and keeping in order of the hospital, the scrubbing and sweeping; and to all the detail of changing dressings, etc.

With the coming of Mrs. Molland, as matron of the hospital, in 1904, a new day dawned. Mrs.

Mrs. Molland as Hospital Matron Molland is consecrated to China by the devoted service and death there of her husband years ago. She superintends the management of the hospital in every way, is training nurses, and is an invaluable assistant. With the aid of assistants trained by herself and Dr. Macklin, she has, during his furlough, which has just expired, kept hospital and dispensaries open, and the work progressing very satisfactorily.

Dr. Macklin expresses himself emphatically in favor of taking generous fees from the rich of

The Good Samaritan China; he believes the doctor is more respected in this way. But he as earnestly exhorts to have pity on the poor. Hundreds die without the walls of Nanking every year from exposure and starvation. With Mr. Garrett, Dr. Macklin has investigated conditions. They have found that the tenant farmer is a great sufferer. In famine times especially is this true. Fifty per cent of the crops must go to the landlord, and twenty-five per cent to the idols. Passing a poor, oppressed fellow on the roadside one day, as he lay

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

upon a filthy piece of matting, the story of the Good Samaritan flashed into the Doctor's mind, and he turned back, got help, and took the man to a place of shelter. He died in a few minutes, but Dr. Macklin called an official and had him buried, and preached a sermon regarding mercy. He has always since been the champion of the suffering. It takes but one dollar and fifty cents, to be sure, to feed and shelter a man in the charity, or "beggars' ward" of the hospital for a month, but if fifty were cared for, it would mean seventy-five dollars a month, or nine hundred dollars a year. Needless to say, Dr. Macklin could not contribute such an amount himself. How does he care for a hundred beggars at a time in this ward? Simply by doubling and trebling his efforts, becoming physician to diplomats, to customs officials, railroad constructors, and foreigners in general. The strain upon him is fearful, but he has been able to endure it in a most remarkable way. This is the more surprising, since Dr. Macklin is not a strong man. When he went to Japan twenty-five years ago he failed in his examination for life insurance. (Our Board did not at that time require a medical examination.) Only through indomitable perseverance, an iron will, perfect attention to hygiene, and care about exercise, has Dr. Macklin been able to accomplish a most phenomenal work. But the gray hairs are coming fast, and he says, as he goes out

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

the fourth time, he feels that he is "going in for his last plunge," unless he gets relief. Tragic indeed would it be if so endowed and endued a worker were to be removed from the field through over-work, that could be avoided with the more elaborate equipment that could so easily be spared him from Christian America. . . .

When ministers at home receive wedding and funeral and lecture fees, they are privileged to keep them. Not so on the mission field. Every cent that comes into the hands of a missionary must go to the support of the work. In 1909 an even seven thousand dollars was put into the medical work by Dr. Macklin. The years have brought him many valuable friends.

One day, on a Yangste River steamer, Dr. Macklin and his friend Mr. King fell into conversation.

Helpful Mr. King is a wealthy Chinese merchant.
Friends He had bought some of the Doctor's tracts and read them. He offered, on this occasion, to give Dr. Macklin three hundred dollars to help in the medical work. "Thank you," said Dr. Macklin. "Come and see the hospital first." Complying with this request, Mr. King came and saw. He was surprised that more ground was not bought and a larger equipment provided. When he heard that it was because of lack of funds, he secured a tract of land valued at three thousand dollars, and gave it to Dr. Macklin.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

The Chinese Christian, Mr. Jwan, was heart-broken when his beautiful nine-year-old grandson was taken ill with cholera. It was impossible for him to secure a foreign doctor, and he had no faith in a Chinese doctor, and so he said, "I simply prayed to God and Jesus to save the boy." Joy knew no bounds when the lad recovered, and the two consulted together, and decided to give a thousand dollars as a thank-offering. They brought it to the communion table. With this gift, and twelve hundred dollars more given by Mr. Jwan, a contagion hospital has been erected by Dr. Macklin on the gift of land from Mr. King.

A Thank Offering

Mrs. Molland and Dr. Macklin are constantly exposed to contagion. To them the words of the Psalmist are certainly very vivid:

The Ninety- First Psalm

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day:
A thousand shall fall by thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee,"

May the closing words of the same Psalm,

"I will deliver him and honor him,
With long life will I satisfy him,
And show him my good pleasure,"

be increasingly fulfilled to them and those dear to them.

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

A few summers ago Dr. Macklin wrote of the cholera scourge:

“There is a terrible epidemic of cholera now raging along the Yangste Valley, and people are dying by the thousands. Dr. Lucy Gaynor, of the Friends mission, has started a system of relief on a large scale in Nanking, in the shape of free distribution of medicine to relieve the sufferers. She gives two little bottles, one of castor oil to get rid of water melon, cucumber, squash, fruit, etc., and another of medicine to check the trouble. These little bottles have been given out by the thousands, and have now a great reputation from the cures made. We are now putting up placards and giving out tracts, telling the people the cause of the disease and how to avoid it, and inviting them to come early and get medicine, which is given free at all the Christian hospitals and chapels. If we do not cure all the cases we at least show that the Christian Church is interested in the sufferings of the people. What do the Chinese do for the epidemic? They believe it is caused by the god of pestilence, so they erect pavilions all over the city, and burn incense, and have chants to escort the gods away. There are about two hundred of these stands at a cost of thirty to forty dollars apiece, besides offerings in the temples, and private masses, totaling in all an expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars. If this money could be used

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

in making good drains, establishing a water works system, and generally cleaning up, cholera could be stamped out. Cholera is getting to be more and more, in fact, a disease of heathen and Catholic countries. Pure gospel religion gets rid of superstition. Christians clean up instead of having incantations and processions."

Dr. Macklin treats from eighteen to twenty thousand patients annually. Of him Dr. Osgood, one of his co-workers, said recently, in the *Christian Evangelist*: "In the hearts of thousands of Chinese in this part of the empire, Dr. Macklin is one of the greatest of men. He fed them, bound up their wounds and sores; some he clothed; for some he found work when they had recovered; some went out of his door to their long home, but they had a decent place in which to die; all this he has done for many hundreds these twenty-five years he has been ministering to China's sick. Go more than one hundred miles in any direction from Nanking, and the name 'Ma Ling,' (Dr. Macklin's Chinese name) is known. If a foreigner is traveling through the country and is not recognized by any other name, the people will be heard saying, 'There goes Dr. Macklin.' He is the one foreigner whose name they know. Such work brings back to the Chinese their moral responsibility to care for their brethren—shows them man is his brother's keeper. It was

DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

from living with and observing Dr. Macklin's work, that Evangelist Shi, the first convert in the mission, went back to his home, and by picking up and befriending many of these homeless wanderers, has won many a man and woman to Christ. What Dr. Macklin as a foreigner is to the Chinese, Shi Gwei Biao as a Chinese is to his own people." The fact that this work has saved many a useful life to the Chinese Empire and to the Church of Christ, is emphasized by Dr. Osgood: "One such was teacher for years in our Nanking college. Many a faithful servant, coolie, gateman, and chapel keeper has been lifted out of the slough of despond and made a valuable adjunct to missionary service. A ricksha coolie refused to take pay from the Doctor. He had been picked up and healed in his hospital. Let the Doctor enter almost any tea house in Nanking and the vicinity, and some one will tell how he has been healed by 'Ma Ling.' He reveals the wonderful compassion of Christ, and exemplifies the 'Inasmuch.'"

This sketch can not close better than by a word from Mr. Hunt, another of Dr. Macklin's fellow missionaries:

"It was a dark, cold night. The lights of the walled city were out. The winds howled around the poorly protected inn. Two of your missionaries were staying for the night on a preaching tour. The cry of the night watchman and the wail of the

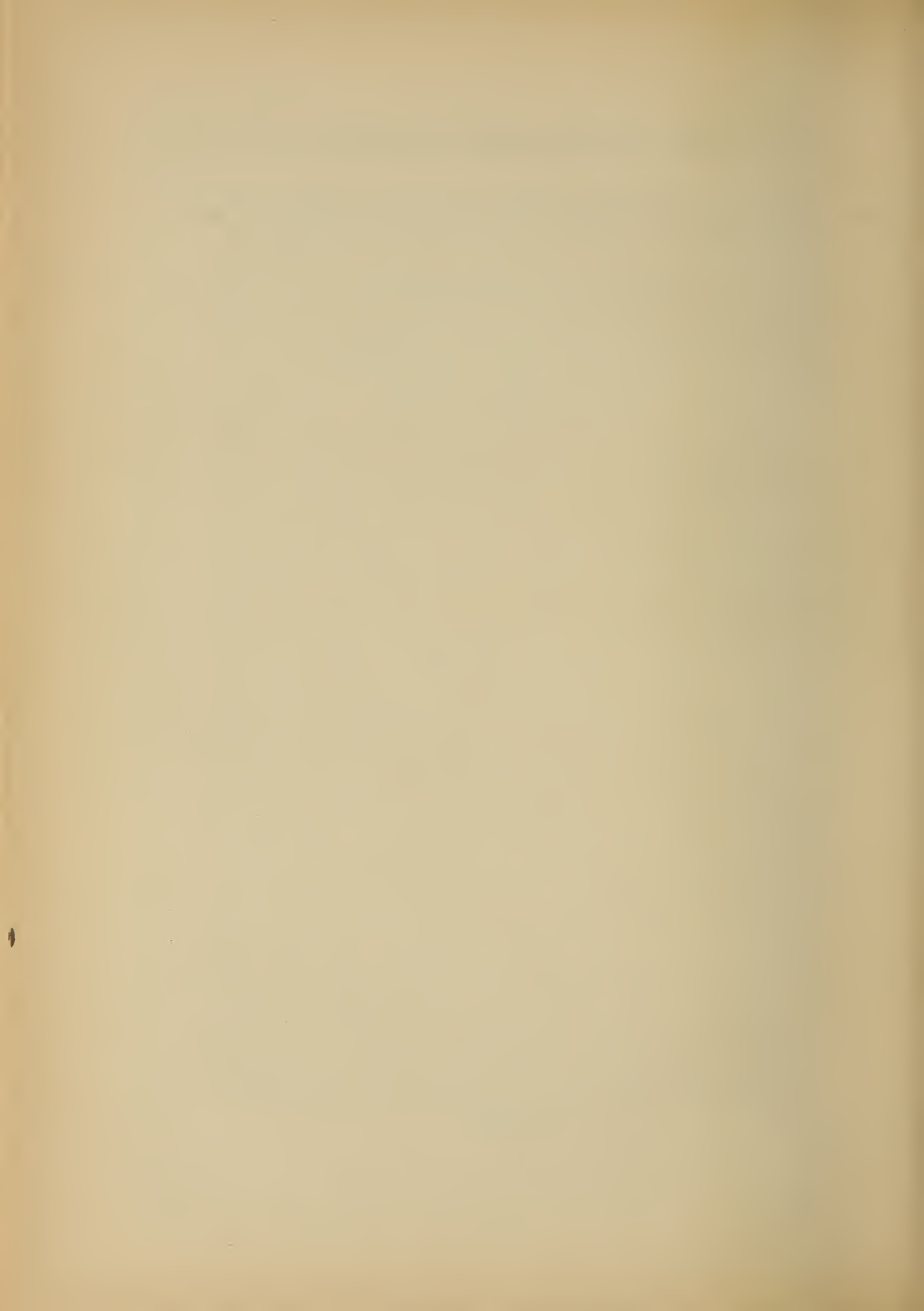
IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

poor broke the spell. Something had happened. Abram E. Cory felt some one crawling into his warm bed. It was Dr. W. E. Macklin. With the love in his great savior-heart he had crept out of bed at the thought of the poor, had folded up his Oriental bed and taken it out and covered up a poor, lost pagan waif with it. Some one saw it and said, 'Inasmuch.' Dr. W. E. Macklin's work in Nanking is a monument of grace. No man puts more reverence into his service, or less trimming on his coat. The Chinese love him and revere his name all over the country. He loves men in the Savior's way of loving them, and that to lift them up. The hospital is crowded to its utmost capacity. The poor wards are all full. This work needs support. It is beneficent work that interprets the whole missionary purpose. While Dr. Macklin is at home we can say these things, and he is too far off to administer the pill that he might to us for so telling it. *He is a prince among men. His record in China deserves the full confidence and the largest support of the Churches.* We are all so glad that Dr. and Mrs. Macklin are again reunited with their two brave boys, Theodore and William. There will be joy in that home! They live at Ames, Iowa; and if any one wants to give them a cheer, or ring up a song for them there, let them be assured that the missionaries in China will rejoice and be glad. Dr. and Mrs. Macklin can

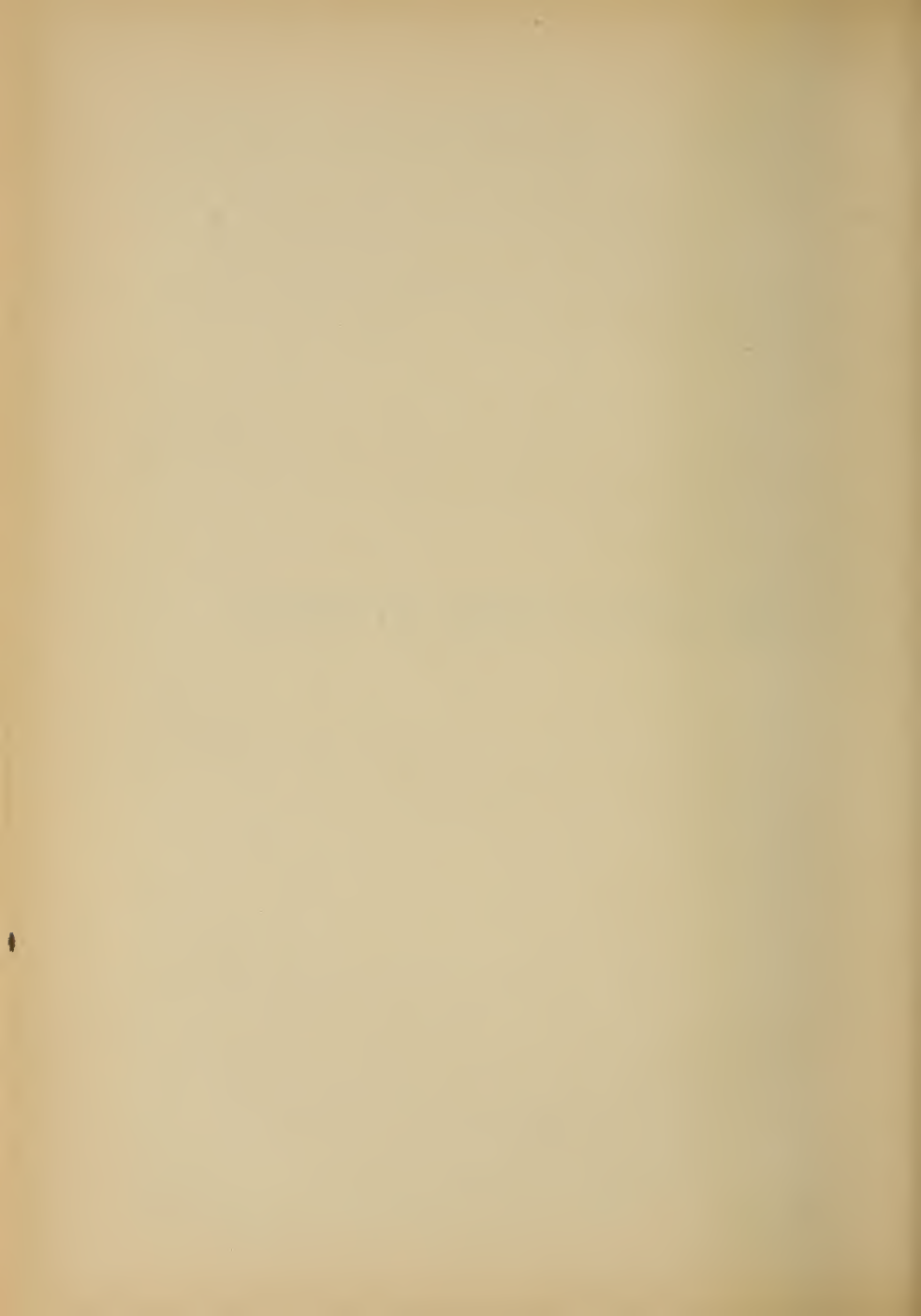
DR. MACKLIN OF NANKING

tell you something you have n't heard before about things that do n't get into the annual reports."

"Somebody made a loving gift,
Cheerfully tried a load to lift;
Somebody told the love of Christ,
Told how His will was sacrificed."
Was that somebody you?



MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME



"Found on the fly leaf of the diary of a missionary who died in Africa.

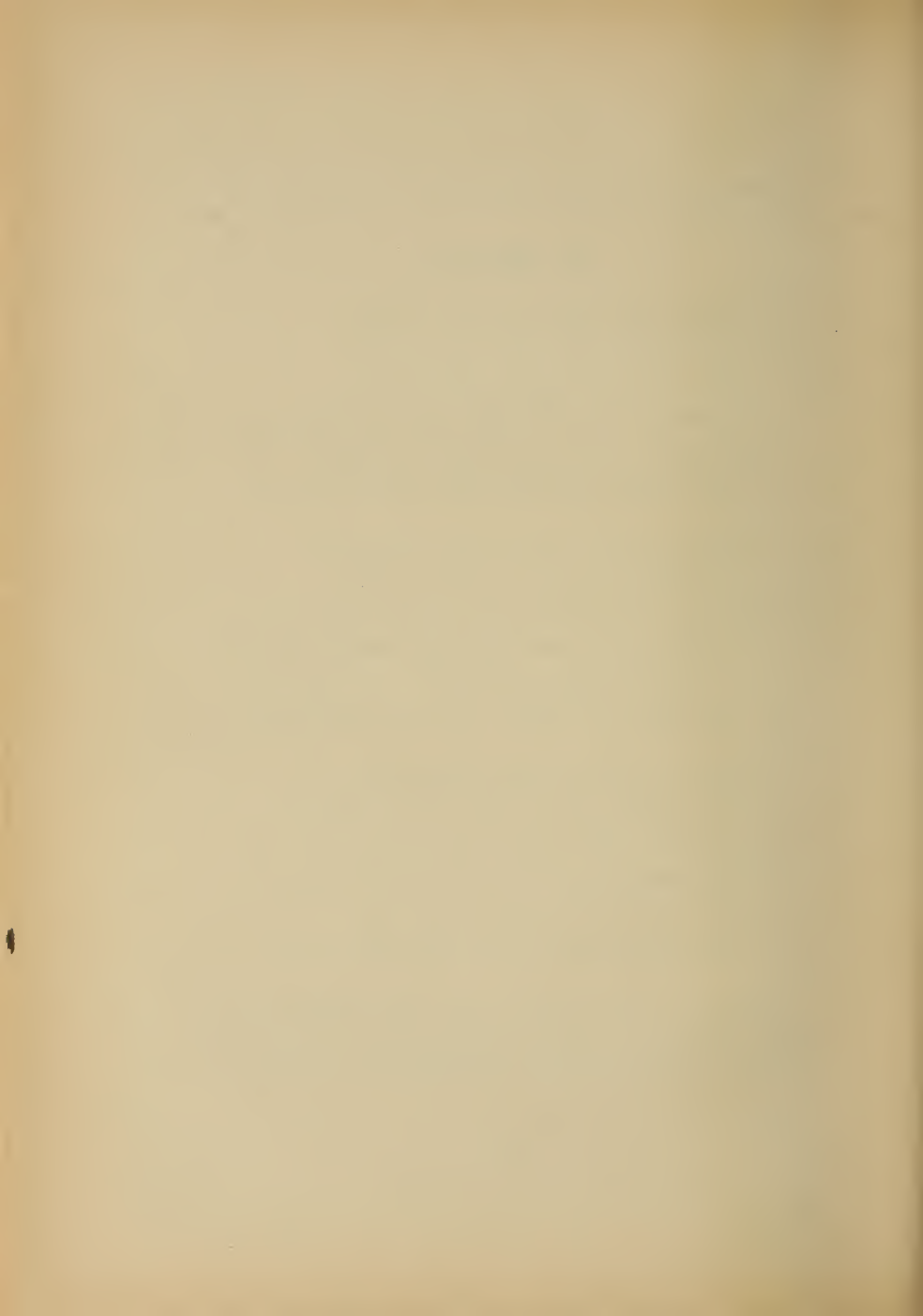
A Prayer

Laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift to-day for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small—
But Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight;
All that I have, or am, or fain would be;
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite,
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none!
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies
The prayer ascendeth—may Thy will be done.

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will may find it Thine."

I regret to be unable to make proper acknowledgment for the above. I find it in one of my note books with the explanatory sentence as quoted. It is so completely the language of my little sister's heart that I presume to use it, thanking the unknown source.—L. D. G.



My Little Sister at Home

The time for Dr. and Mrs. Macklin's second furlough was long past, but in spite of the warnings of physicians that, because of Mrs. Macklin's impaired health, delay was critical, they continued to put off the home coming. Several urgent matters impelled them to take this course. First, there was no doctor for the large medical work, and the prospects were that hospital and dispensaries would have to be closed; second, not one of the already overworked missionary force could assume the responsibility of Dr. Macklin's evangelistic work; and last of all, the two eldest boys must be left in America for school, and the dreaded separation should be delayed as long as possible. But seventeen years in Nanking, without change of climate or environment (except during the brief furlough home ten years before) were telling sadly on both the Doctor and his wife, and they realized that, if they would prolong their usefulness in China, the wrench of leaving the field must be heroically faced, and the home going was definitely planned for the spring of '04.

"Six children to get ready this time," mused my

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

little sister. It was great in the eyes of the Chinese to be the mother of four sons. To the Christian parents the two dear, little girls were not one whit less important or precious.

With the cheap tailors to do the sewing, it was well worth while to turn and piece and mend. Father's trousers worked over nicely into knee breeches for the boys. Mother's laid-by garments were utilized for the girls, and baby Charles was so wee that his clothes did not require much in the way of material.

"But O, for just one really stylish tailored gown for myself!" With a sigh Mrs. Macklin smoothed a broadcloth garment across her knee. It was a handsome riding habit, a pleasant relic of gay days in the old army life. "The stuff is all right, and I like the dark green, and I believe it would make me a very good suit, but Jo T'sai Feng will never get any 'hang' to the thing." Then, after a few moments in a "brown study," she exclaimed, "I have it." The happy plan suddenly hit upon was, to ask a lady just "out" from home to allow the tailor to copy one of her fresh gowns, and so, Mrs. Macklin reflected, she might go home looking a little less antiquated than she had feared.

In fitting the new suit the tailor did not smooth, and pin, and alter, but standing back as Mrs. Macklin made suggestions, he said thoughtfully, "Yes, it needs a change there—letting out here—yes,

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

I see—" He came back next day with improvements, but his little patroness saw that the dress would not look at all like the home gowns. A shadow passed over her face. She had thought very much of "style" once, and was not indifferent to it now, but quick as a flash came the thought, "Some one will wear the 'wedding garment' because we are here doing the work of the Christ, and that makes up for a whole lot!" There was a smile upon the lips, and a suffused light in the eyes as she hummed, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

"Evangelist Shi will surely be one in Will's," thought Mrs. Macklin, as she recalled the consecrated worker who, for years, had been lightening dark lives in China. Dr. Macklin had found the man, a street story teller, and a slave to opium. The Gospel of Mark attracted him as a possible source from which to obtain additions to his stock of tales, but soon its deeper message found his soul. Six times Dr. Macklin helped him to break the opium habit, which bound him with fearful chains, and six times he fell back, almost in despair. But the seventh time he was "more than conqueror," as he took firm hold of the living Christ, and with truly "experimental knowledge" he began eagerly to point others to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Shi's earnest Christian wife and little adopted daughter followed each other in quick

**Evangelist
Shi Gwei
Biao**

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

succession in Mrs. Macklin's mind, as she continued her work, musing upon the wonderful story of the child, Ai Tsz, who was born in a Mohammedan home, and was the object of violent hatred on the part of her father, who had, of course, desired a son.

"Throw it away on the hills for the wolves to eat!" commanded the husband roughly, thinking of the expense of support, and a wedding dower. "Cast it out or I will dash it to the ground!" he roared. But the frantic mother eluded his fierce grasp and rushed out into the cold night air. Hardly knowing whither she went, she clasped the babe close, tightening the swathe of cotton wadded rags about its tiny form. Hearing the flow of the river as it passed the village, she bethought her that death in the flood would be kinder than the tearing of wolves. With a final clasp of the babe to her aching heart, she laid it on the steep bank, and fearing to hear the splash as it rolled down, and into the water, she hastened away.

The next morning Mrs. Shi was early at the river to wash the rice for breakfast. Seeing the babe in the water, only its legs immersed, the body free and still warm, she understood the probable history of the outcast, and gathered it to her heart and took it home. There was little in the rude home to divide with the stray, but begging milk from Chinese mothers, and receiving condensed milk

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

from the missionaries, she tended "Little Love" faithfully, and she grew and thrived.

When old enough the girl was placed in Miss Lyon's school, and when ten years of age she stood before the great people of Nanking, taking part in a Commencement program, a living example of the fruits of Christianity.

How Mrs. Macklin lamented every hasty word, every unwilling thought, as she pondered the possibilities of the mighty work all about her. "Surely," she reflected, "imperfections in my attire count as very slight 'loss' when compared with China's 'gain' through missionary activities." . . .

It is no small undertaking to pack for eight people for a trip of four week's duration, during which three climates must be passed through, and I always marvel at my little sister's ability to remember just what was put into each trunk and piece of luggage. The rush of preparation dulled somewhat the pain of parting from friends, patients, Chinese Christians, and workers; the good-byes were at last spoken, and the long journey begun. Most fortunately the enforced rest of a sea voyage intervened between leaving the busy life in China and taking up strenuous duties on this side of the world. In San Francisco, the customs officer, thinking he had passed upon everything, suddenly spied a good-sized basket, carried by a shawl strap by Dr. Mack-

**Preparing
for a Long
Journey**

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

lin. "What's that?" he demanded gruffly, jerking back the blankets with no gentle hand. Imagine his chagrin upon finding the sleeping baby, Charles, who was much more easily and restfully carried in this way than he could have been in arms.

The hot summer months were spent in Berkeley, as being so much safer than the heated term would be in the East; then there was a winter in Des Moines, with me. We had not met since, on that tragic morning in Nanking, six years before, we parted, when, in response to the cablegram, "Garst sick, return," I left for Tokyo, where there was one brief week of watching, and then the farewell. Then there were the hurried preparations for departure, and I turned, with my three children, from the flower heaped grave of their father, to the homeland. There was much of joy and sorrow as my little sister and I, reunited in Des Moines, recalled the old life together in the Orient.

Mrs. Macklin felt that it was delightful, beyond words, to have her children in high school, the grades, and kindergarten. In Nanking, school plans had seldom been very satisfactory. It was a difficult problem for the missionary families to find a competent teacher, capable of filling the varied demands, and a still more serious matter to provide transportation for her from England or America, and support her on the field. Unless a combination was effected that made a community school possible,

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

the burden of the educational interests of the children fell largely upon the mothers, and after years of this, the relief to Mrs. Macklin was great. She, too, desired unspeakably to study, to attend lectures, and avail herself of the splendid advantages of Christian civilization, from which she had been debarred for so many years. Instead of realizing these ambitions, she was an invalid for months at Battle Creek, the inevitable result of having too long delayed the home coming.

Whenever possible, Dr. Macklin left the family, in order that he might study in different cities, and

**Dr. Macklin's Plans
for China**

take back to his medical work the freshest methods and most up-to-date equipment in every way. That he might be better qualified to assist in the agricultural instruction of the Chinese, and in the development of the vast natural resources of their country, he finally settled at Ames, Iowa, the seat of the State Agricultural College. Here he was given every facility for the study of soil analysis, animal husbandry, etc, while the children had every advantage in an educational way.

The little, rented cottage was bare indeed, for one can not afford to furnish nicely and provide conveniences for a stay of a few months. It was almost impossible to procure domestic help. Mrs. Macklin felt deeply her physical limitations and lack of financial resources. She frequently thought of the pleas-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

ant home in Nanking, where, through the years, they had been able to gather about them modest but attractive comforts. The neat mattings, artistic Japanese draperies, and graceful rattan furniture from Hong Kong, while quite a contrast to the handsome rugs, rich hangings, and upholsteries which she saw in American homes, were quite good enough, and she only wished she could, by some subtle magic, transport them to Ames, and also the spacious Nanking dining room, with its broad, sunny window seat, banked with plants and flowers. Then, indeed, it would be possible to gather their friends about them, and by the happy reciprocation of hospitalities, develop a mutual sympathy that she greatly coveted.

While these thoughts pressed upon mind and heart, Mrs. Macklin felt all else was insignificant as compared with the coming separation from their boys. Both parents realized that their boys were high strung, quick tempered, impulsive fellows, and it was indeed a problem to know what was the best plan to follow in leaving them. The boys had always been play fellows, and especially dreaded a separation from each other, or any plan that would make them in any degree dependent. Finally, through much prayer and thought, a unique scheme was developed. A little cottage was built with money Mrs. Macklin was able to collect from an investment of her girl-

**Planning
for the Boys**

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

hood days. With the help of a niece the walls were graced with pictures of scenes from the home in China and groups of loved faces; curtains were hung, and all made as neat and homelike as possible. How thoughtful was the little mother. Exerting all her frail strength, she prepared many conveniences. Soft linen bandages were sterilized and put in safe shape for immediate use in case of accident. O, how that mother heart ached as the vision of the years loomed up in spite of every effort to shut it out and live a day at a time!

“Why, mamma, it’s only three weeks till you go!” exclaimed William, and his face was deadly pale. Mrs. Macklin spoke with all the fervor of her brave spirit to fortify the boy, but when he had left the room, the slender hands were clasped for one agonizing moment, and the tears fell over blanched cheeks as she lifted her eyes to heaven in an anguished cry—“O, Father, if only this cup might pass! How can I, how can I bear it? But I know it must be drained to the very dregs for China’s sake—for Christ’s dear sake—” she added, and it seemed to her that she was entering a little the very shadows of Gethsemane. And then there came the thought of Dr. and Mrs. Dye, and Mr. and Mrs. Eldred, who were giving themselves so utterly for Africa.

O, is it irreverent to liken this tragic thing to

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

Calvary? Is it not permitted that the world may know the *awful cost of redemption*? God gave His Son. The missionary who gives, even for the years, his children, is a little human picture of the love of God which "passes understanding."

Late on the night of October 16, 1905, the crucial hour came. "There was n't a dry eye on the car as they bade each other good-bye," said an eye witness.

"We all went absolutely to pieces at the last," wrote the heart-broken little mother from Omaha. "It seemed to me I could not, *could not* do it. I would have given it all up if Will had been willing." But Dr. Macklin, beside being a man of "oak and rock," had the stronger physical power with which to resist the blow, and how glad his wife is now, and the children as well, that they did not turn back, for God has been good. The "Lo I am with you alway" has not failed them.

It would all have been a shade easier if people had understood, even those in the Church. But so few appreciate this absolutely necessary phase of sacrifice for world redemption. Probably not a person in the car that night felt that it was other than foolish and fanatical for Dr. and Mrs. Macklin to leave the splendid boys, fourteen and sixteen years old, to return to the work in China.

"Let single men and women go to the foreign field," says some one. How little such a plan takes

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

into account certain features of the problem, as, for instance, the necessity of demonstrating, by the convincing illustration of a Christian home, the superiority of Christianity over other religions; and the difficulty of unmarried persons escaping the suspicion of unchastity when working among peoples who are habitually unmoral and impure.

The boys, with their parents, had SEEN the NEED of China's swarming millions; they knew there was but one skilled physician to two and a half million people; they knew twenty years of laborious preparation in language, and study of the people, were not to be lightly forfeited; they knew the hospital and dispensaries had been closed during their father's absence, windows and doors barred and bolted; the suffering and dying, coming, in many instances from afar, had turned away sick at heart because they could not obtain relief from the famous physician; they knew the young Church in Nanking was wondering why there was no substitute for the Doctor in his absence, and this was the most relentless call of all—better a millstone tied around their necks and death in the depths of the sea than to cause one of the least of these babes in Christ to stumble. And Dr. and Mrs. Macklin had often read to their children, "Verily, I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house or wife, or brethren, or parents, OR CHILDREN for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold in this time and

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

in the world to come eternal life," and then they had knelt together and prayed for strength to do the Master's will. They were standing, both parents and children, "*standing on the promises of God.*" O, it is not enough just to sing the words! The world is waiting for a Church that DOES THIS THING. . . .

Though I had planned to write only of my little sister at home, I can not refrain from giving a glimpse of her once more in far-away China. Even with four children to care for, she sorely missed her two big boys. Prayer alone fortified her for the strain of separation. Every night, going out on the veranda, she looked away to a mountain that her boys love, and prayed, as only a mother can pray when she is ten thousand miles away from two dear sons.

Friends going out to China visited the boys and brought word to the parents that they were making good. The little property was carefully guarded. The boys felt a thrill of joy as they realized that their efforts would lift a burden from their parents' hearts, and even in the midst of pressure in school life, utilizing every minute, they managed to build a fine fence around the place, setting the posts in cement. They added to the slender income by keeping chickens, though that was abandoned later, for when "working out" vacations, the evening feeding hour

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

was inconvenient; the Jersey cow yielded plenty of milk, part of which was sold, and the rest helped on the "batching" project; there were hogs to "slop," and a calf to feed. Theodore had learned to make butter in China, and the temptation of the wonderful Jersey cream was too great, so churning was added to the strenuous schedule. For months the boys even did their own washing.

"Papa can't educate the younger children on his salary," said Theodore. "We must hustle and help with the little girls."

Though a rich man in Ohio had urged Dr. Macklin to allow him to assist in providing an education for the boys, the offer was declined, and all plans were made with rigid regard to self-support.

The boys occupied but two rooms of the cottage and rented the others. This was not a paying investment, for repairs cost as much as was received in rent. As certain classes assembled at half-past seven, the morning hour was all too short for "chores" and breakfast. The nooning was very brief, and of course after school, boy like, Theodore and William wanted some fun with the fellows, or a bit of athletic life. After a hunting trip Theodore always had a treat of wild fowl, but the fire was hard to regulate in the cheap little cook stove, and waiting for the roast to get "done," it was not an unusual thing for the lads to fall asleep, waking with a start when the odor of the toothsome viands

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

in the oven brought them to their feet. Hastily assembling the dinner service on the little white oilcloth covered kitchen table, with the bird as center piece, without formality, the hungry boys followed the Shakespearean exhortation, "stand not on the order of your going, but go at once." In other words, they "fell to."

There were jollifications at Thanksgiving and holiday times, with the relatives in Des Moines. One Christmas three children of another Nanking family joined them, and as they talked over old picnics and family gatherings, and chatted in Chinese, the hard places were forgotten.

The summer of '09 the cottage was unusually bright and homelike. The aunt and cousins from Des Moines were there, and a rented piano was a great addition to the resources. Coming in from the hot day's work and setting down his dinner pail, William often looked around with a pleased expression and said, "My! You've worked hard to-day, Aunt Laura," for he always so appreciated the clean floors and home-like atmosphere, to say nothing of the hot meals.

The boys are far from perfect, and there are explosions of temper and hot differences of opinion, but their faces are toward the light of a clean manhood, and friends, neighbors, and business men often remark, "They are the best boys in all the country 'round, and their struggle is making men of them."

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

Away in Nanking, how eagerly the parents awaited the coming mail! The little mother was not strong. Motherly Mrs. Meigs said to **A Mother's Anguish** me at Pittsburg: "I sometimes think your sister will never come home again. She comes over and throws herself into my arms, exclaiming, 'O, there is such a feeling here,' (placing her hand over her heart)—'it seems sometimes as though it will kill me.'" Desperately clinging to the promise "As thy days so shall thy strength be," that had so often supported her, Mrs. Macklin just tried to live "moment by moment," and wait patiently for a reunion with her boys.

The marvelous blessings given to Dr. Macklin in his work were a great comfort. Surely there was already realization of a portion of the "hundred-fold."

The wonderful changes in China amazed Dr. and Mrs. Macklin on their return from furlough. The uniformed, queueless policemen everywhere on the streets they at first thought to be Japanese, but soon recognized as Chinamen. The war between Japan and Russia had made a profound impression upon China. The Chinese are accustomed to speak of Japan as a "small, small country." If little Japan could gain a sweeping victory over a Western power, what might not China, ten times as large as Japan, hope to do? So thought the Chinese. The "impact of Western civilization" was apparent on

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

every hand. Old superstitions were going. The railroad was to pass close to the Drum Tower, and soon the scream of the locomotive would be heard in the mission homes. Public opinion was rapidly developing through the influence of telegraph and postal systems and the native press. A capable embassy had gone abroad to study law courts and educational work. China was arming, too, and an immense army was under the tutelage of Japanese and other officers. China was evidently very much awake and looking toward the time when she could exercise her "Sovereign Rights." Great was the need of heartier co-operation in all Christian lines of work, that these might keep pace with the phenomenal material and intellectual advancement.

What fortified my little sister most, I think, in her separation from the boys, was the joy that came to her when the church in Canton, Ohio, with P. H. Welshimer as pastor, chose her as their "living-link." Word soon came to her that Tuesday was announced in the church bulletin as "Macklin Day," and while many might forget, she knew scores of those consecrated people would definitely pray on that day for their representative away on the firing line. Just to be remembered in a general way by the "brotherhood at large" is great, but the thought of a church of two thousand members, with a holy

**A Great
Joy**

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

leader, daily bearing her little, frail life to the Father, was strength and joy unspeakable. Hear what she wrote regarding a happy event that brightened her life through the Canton church.

"Nanking, Dec. 9, 1909.

Dear Mr. Welshimer:

To you and your family, and to all the members of the church in Canton, greeting, and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Late it is, I know, but unavoidably so this time. I can not tell you my surprise last Saturday evening to go to the door, and there stood our night watchman with a *large* bunch of post cards—I thought, of course, the mail for the entire community! I looked at one, and then, on the second, I saw the name "Canton, Ohio," and I began to see what it all meant! I went in to the desk where I had been writing, and tried to read them, but tears blinded my sight. You can't know how the "shower" went straight to my heart, and what it meant to me! I begin to know your names—I see your streets and buildings—your beautiful park, etc., but most of all those words of cheer and messages of various kindly import—make me feel quite one of you. I *feel* that you *are* praying for me too. I have been much stronger this fall than for many years, and I believe it is in answer to the many earnest prayers on my behalf from the dear

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

church members in Canton! I thank you all most heartily and cease not to pray for you, and for the cause in that beautiful city.

I would like to reply to each one, but you can imagine how impossible that is, and do anything else. The stack is seven inches high, and numbers about four hundred! We look forward to the time when, God willing, we shall worship with you in that beautiful building where, as one so nicely puts it—"is the place we love to go."

I was especially pleased to get word from the very little children and from those who are not well and strong in body. Rejoice in the Lord and be exceeding glad!

Again with thanks and prayers for you all,
Your sister in Christ,
Dorothy DeLany Macklin."

Her own heart's cry made Mrs. Macklin very sensitive to the needs of others, as is evidenced by the following letter to Mr. Welshimer.

**Mrs. Macklin's Cry
for Tibet!**

It was written from the mountain summer retreat, which for the past few years has saved our missionaries from the miasmas of the Yangste River valley. At least the women and children have greatly profited by it, but the men come and go, spending much of the heated term down in the plains with their work.

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

"Kuling, China, Sept. 2, 1909.

Dear Mr. Welshimer:

I could not sleep last night for more than two hours. It was not the pain of the neuralgia, from which I have been suffering for some weeks (I am better now), but the thought of our poor, stricken sister mission in far-away Tibet!

We were gladdened by a very bright and hopeful letter from Dr. Loftis, and one from Mrs. Shelton, Saturday, the 14th of August. What was our agony of mind, the next afternoon, when wire was received, "Loftis dead—Typhus." What that conveys to the mind of one who knows the scourge, the very name of which, almost, is death sentence to a foreigner here, can only be known by seeing it snatch dear ones away, as we have twice in Nanking. Our beloved brother, A. F. H. Saw, and later, Mr. Jones, Presbyterian minister, died in Nanking, as you remember.—I can not speak of Dr. Loftis, of his noble character and zeal, and of how everywhere he went, all who knew him were uplifted by his noble example. But my heart is stirred by hearing of the life of those who struggle in Batang, against such terrible odds as we can only faintly imagine. I feel convicted of sin in that I have not realized more of their struggles and needs, and done something to lighten their load.

Let me tell you something that has impressed

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

me. I sent a small package to Mrs. Shelton, some playthings, etc., which I thought would give the children pleasure when Dr. Loftis opened his boxes. Mrs. Shelton writes in June, thanking me, and says, "I'm going to save part of the parcel for Christmas." Saving out of a tiny parcel—two doll's heads and two dolls and a dress, something from June to December, just to make Christmas a bit more Christmas. It seemed to me I could read more between those lines, of hardship and loneliness, than I had ever imagined before. She says in the same letter, "I thank you all, very, very much, that you remembered us all away up here (we are both up and out of the way of most civilized things), but we like Batang better than any other place, and would n't trade our dirty mud house for your palace below." This is just like Mrs. Shelton—heroic, enjoying things on a high scale, taking even trials as if she liked them. A few days since another note came from her, replying to one of mine. She is a little more like just common folk when she says: "It is as hot as anything here now, and all are in the midst of wheat and barley harvest, and some are plowing in the fields again to plant buckwheat for the fall harvest. We keep fairly cool in the mud houses, and then when the sun goes down, get out in the evening." I feel that she is just a little bit above humanity when she goes on, (I am sure I, and perhaps you, would say more than this if we were in

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

her place): "The only trouble with these mud houses is, that they fall down and smash whatever happens to be under, and an earthquake shakes them down, too. One fell the other day and killed three and hurt two."

I was much interested in Mrs. Ogden's letter of Jan. 31, 1909, in the June *Intelligencer*, and I do wish I might be in some way helpful in raising the money for their homes. I am starting a "Tibet fund." It won't be much, but I must do something. I'm going to walk a shorter distance for my outing, instead of riding a longer one, and put the amount saved in my "Tibet Fund," and in other ways try to swell the amount.

Can't some of the sisters who have means just think of Tibet when buying furniture; when getting the new table cloth and napkins, or when passing that bargain counter with such splendid things going cheap, which one might buy, but does not really need? Can not a cheaper quality of table linen, a plainer dress be bought, and the old hat be "done over?" The young people—can't they pass that tempting ice-cream stand, and feel more than content in placing a sum opposite "Tibet?" That young couple (or old one either) who love music, will they not just walk quietly through the park, or around the block during the evening rest hour, feeling it no hardship to miss that concert when it means a sum on those "comfortable homes," of which Mrs.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

Ogden so pleadingly writes? *Will they not, in this way, more enjoy the music of Christ's word—"Inasmuch?"* Dr. Macklin is again in Nanking. He writes that the work is coming in fast. As soon as the people know he is back, the hospital fills up rapidly. The small "contagion" hospital is near completion, and will be a valuable assistance in our work. It is situated at the farthest corner of our three-acre lot, which was given by Chinese. We are cheered by good news from our boys at home. The youngest one enters college this year. We enjoy reading the *Canton Christian*, and enter somewhat into the life of the Church. The Lord fill you and us with His Holy Spirit, and help us all to witness for Him.

Yours in His name,

Dorothy DeLany Macklin."

Nearly five years had passed since leaving the boys, and Dr. Macklin was completing twenty-five years of service in China. In view of the fact that he had availed himself of only two leaves of absence in the quarter of a century, a furlough was granted him on the five-year term. In the spring of 1910 we find them again on their way to America. There were four weeks of journeying, during which no word could reach them of their boys! What might not develop in that time? Would they be granted, in God's good time, an unbroken reunion?

**A Third
Furlough**

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

How different from either of the previous furloughs this home-coming—to their own “vine and fig tree.” Proud indeed were the boys to prepare as royal a welcome as possible, and all the lonely burden of the years was forgotten as they thought of the gain to the entire family in the possession of the little cottage home. The woodwork was re-finished, and every room freshly papered. I went over to help with the finishing touches. William tried to find some one to assist me with the heavy cleaning, and the woman whom he finally decided to approach as the only possible solution to the problem, said she never “went out,” but she would help him. “I did n’t want the boys to be disappointed,” she said to me. “They have done so well.” When all was completed, a rug laid on the floor of the best room, curtains hung, and pictures on the wall, the modest little home looked very inviting.

Near the midnight hour of a glorious moonlight night in April, the overland limited from the West pulled into the station at Ames. Eight
**Joy Un-
speakable** happy hearts beat fast. The boys had been pacing restlessly back and forth, and were at the steps the moment the train stopped, and there, first of all, as was her right, was the little mother, then the eager father, the little sisters, Dorothy and Louise, the big brother George, and little Charlie, larger grown. The first joyful demonstrations over, Mrs. Macklin feasted her eyes on

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

her tall sons. "Just the same, yet different," she said, and she realized that while she had left children for whom she must plan, she had returned to men, who could plan for her.

"The house is lovely, and are n't the boys splendid?" my little sister wrote next day, adding, "God has been so good!" This was the constant glad cry of her grateful heart. It seemed so wonderful that no serious illness had overtaken them, and that they had been kept through two such long journeys.

The six months' stay at home passed as if on wings. The little cottage rang with the shout and laughter of merry voices. There were delightful birthday celebrations, with cake and candles, and the things that rejoice the hearts of children (and their elders!) There was a taste for the little mother, of the happy college life enjoyed by her boys. There was a little spice of music and social gatherings. There were the chapel services and Church fellowships. There was a brave effort on the part of my little sister to tell something of China's growth and China's need, but the speaking was too much for her. There was toil and burden. The boys worked hard, hoping to have a neat little sum laid by for fall expenses. Domestic help could not be found, and with limited accommodations and income, cooking for a large family in the little kitchen through unusual summer heat, my little sister suffered a severe collapse,

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

coupled with blood poisoning in a finger. Dr. Macklin was summoned by wire from the East, where he was studying, and immediately took the sufferer away to quiet, and the tender care of loving friends. For weeks she tried to content herself, resting quietly, wooing back the strength that she so coveted for service in the little home. Her enforced absence was filled with compensations, the last and best of all being a few days with her supporting or "living-link" church in Canton, Ohio. How Mrs. Macklin was thrilled by the sight of two thousand people welcoming her within the sanctuary, and four hundred more outside! Two hundred wee ones from the primary department marched by their missionary, each laying a carnation in her lap. O, for a few weeks in this atmosphere of loving fellowship, but soon the brief time with their family would be passed, and so, tearing themselves away from the fascinations of Canton, Dr. and Mrs. Macklin hastened back to Ames.

The third son, George, must be left in America this time. Advance work in college makes it impossible for the boys to continue the bachelor plan, and they fall easily into the "rooming" and "boarding" life of the student. A noble, Christian woman promises to mother George, who, brave in the thought of his contribution to the world work, is

**Facing
Away to
China**

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

learning to milk and "chore," and so help to "make his way."

To educate a family of six on a missionary's salary requires careful planning. Those who read the preceding sketch of Dr. Macklin will see what his contribution has been to China. God honors those who honor Him. It is hard to see boys thus deprived of home and many things, but compared with the cigarette smoking loafers on the street corners, many of whom come from good Christian homes, it is heavenly, for the boys are living clean lives, and nobly struggling to make the most of themselves. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He will bring it to pass."

The other day, as my little sister was packing last things, I went upstairs with her. "These things," she said, "we will leave. They are keepsakes, mementos of the home here and the home yonder. Conditions are such that our house might be looted and burned any time. We might lose years of good work, however, if we waited for things to settle down in China, so we must go, but these things would better be left here." The sweet lips did not quiver, and the brave eyes did not falter. My little sister has faced death many times in China. But there is much of joy too in the going back. Jesus, for the JOY that was set before Him, endured the Cross. O, yes,

**A Brave
Heart**

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

the JOY of a redeemed China will support through much. There will be the eager welcome of missionary friends at Shanghai. There will be the greetings from boys and girls in the two schools at Nanking, and the students from the Union College. Dear Mrs. Molland will have the hospital shining clean. It has not been necessary to close it this time, for efficiently trained Chinese medical and gospel helpers have been able to do excellent work, and rumor has it that there have been as high as one hundred in-patients at one time. The old home has been home so long, and it will look good. Then in the chapel there will be new faces to greet in the services, some to congratulate on the step they have taken toward God. . . . In 1905, when Dr. Macklin returned, Dr. Wakefield was going out for the first time, and noticing great confusion on the river steamer, he thought possibly there was a fire. In some alarm, he asked for Dr. Macklin, of whom he had lost track in the bustle, and was told that he would be found among the Chinese passengers. Hurrying to that part of the ship, he found the Doctor sitting at a table, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and the Chinese chattering like magpies, "*Dr. Macklin's back!*" "*Dr. Macklin's back!*" There will be many to rejoice this time. . . . The children of the different missions will greet their play-fellows eagerly, and motherly women will enfold Mrs. Macklin and say, "I know all about it,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

dear." In the dear home the little mother will see the three faces everywhere—her boys, her boys! But she has determined not to think of the years, and just live a day at a time. And China is reaching out and needs them more than ever. And on every hand there are advance installments of the "hundred-fold," and His promises are sure. . . .

The good-byes were bravely said. Prayers were going up, I am sure, in Canton. The little mother did not break down once. The boys, three, ran beside the train till they could keep up no longer, and watched their father on the rear platform till a curve in the road hid him from view, then, wiping manly tears from their eyes, they turned to school duties. "It was hard to see them go," said Theodore simply, "but it can't be helped." . . .

As I write in mid-afternoon of November first, no doubt the "Tenyo Maru" is heading toward the "Golden Gate," with Dr. and Mrs. Macklin and three children aboard. They are starting for a fourth term of service in China, the first of their second quarter century of toil for that great nation.

Is it wrong, reverently, to press the likeness to Gethsemane and Calvary?

"I'll go with Him through the garden,
"I'll go with Him, with Him, *all the way*."

And the sleeping disciples in Gethsemane—are they suggestive of the *sleeping Church*, whose an-



“THE LITTLE MOTHER.”

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

nual per capita gift for the "uttermost parts" is forty cents? Luke tells us that the disciples slept "for sorrow," while the Church is sleeping because of indifference, because of ignorance, because of prejudice, because of infidelity! Yes, infidelity, for if we truly believed in our hearts that "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God," it would be the end of all controversy, and we would "follow, follow all the way," to the "uttermost parts," to "every creature!" But light is breaking, and we are going to do better. . . .

Two weeks later, and a letter from my little sister, at Honolulu!

"On the Pacific, three days out from
San Francisco, Nov. 3, 1910.

My Dear Sister:

Yes, here we are again, on an ocean liner, westward bound to the Far East! Strange indeed it seems to have it *all over*, and to be going back. Why it seems but yesterday that we left Nanking, and as we looked out of our car windows at the fast disappearing walls of the city, Will turned to me, and with a satisfied and characteristic rubbing of his hands together, said, "Glad it's only for eight months."

When the steamer sailed from 'Frisco and we were called at once to lunch, we looked at each other and remarked, how very natural it seemed to be on

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

board again,—“Just like a sandwich!” Will said. “Yes,” I answered, “*but the meat is all in between!*” Ah, yes, and what a large, juicy, nourishing sandwich it has been—good alike for body and soul, and of benefit, I trust, to God’s work as well.

The restful, invigorating sea trips either way, with the uplift of six months at home—it has been *such a blessing*, and we thank God for all it has been to us. I have seen so little of you, that I feel I must write you a bit of a chatty letter, just to sum it all up, as it were.

You remember our going back, five years ago—I can not think or speak of it yet without a shudder running over me. One great solace then was to think of and pray for our return in five years to see our children. In His great love and mercy God granted the prayer of our hearts, and permitted us to come back, and be a reunited family once more. Now how different it is. Cousin Dora asked me when we were leaving the ’Frisco dock, “How long will it be till you come back?—soon, I hope,” and I replied, from my heart, “We are not planning at all. *Just one day at a time is enough!*”

The short term of service, and a short furlough, was quite an experiment. I am sure our friends did not expect that we would return after six months at home, as we planned. We find it all a great success. We have learned much, and have been

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

invigorated by the trip. . . . When I landed in 'Frisco last spring, I was at once depressed by the evidence on every hand of selfish extravagance and sinful luxury. How terrible it seemed to me to see people in a Christian land so given up to things of time and sense, when souls were starving for the Bread of Life. This was, I believe, one of the causes of my breakdown in July. When I was ill I felt it even more intensely. . . . I feel that everywhere among the nations there are God-fearing people whose whole aim is to do His will, but I can not understand why Christians at large do not wake up to the great work of spreading the Gospel among heathen nations. Nor do I see how it is possible for mission work to go unsupported financially, and undermanned, when everywhere one sees evidences of wealth. . . . I came to accomplish two things—to be again with our children, and to visit my living-link Church. No one knows what it is to see one's own children after five winters and four summers of separation. To be able to prepare a meal and then see them eat it! To put away the clean clothes! To darn the socks and sew on the buttons, and do the thousand things that mothers love to do for their boys! To get in touch with the college life, and hear our boys well spoken of by friends and professors! Yes, it's worth all our trip cost to get acquainted again with our boys!

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRUM TOWER

After all, it's not *where* our children are, but *what* they are that counts! . . . And you know how necessary it was to put George in school, and God has graciously opened up the way for him. Our girls and Charles have developed wonderfully along lines impossible to follow in China. . . . Our trip to Canton was inspiring to us. Thank God for such a Church work as that! The visit Will made to Frankfort was another treat, though I had to get it at second hand. . . . I must just tell you the parting at Ames was great! I think it was fine that we kept *smiling* till we were out of sight of each other. (It made me think of the time when the ship went down in the Samoan harbor years ago, *with the band playing!*) Afterward, I can tell you, there was a flood of weeping. . . . And now we are going back, no, *forward*—with greater hopes, firmer faith, more joy in His service in China than ever before. We leave our dear ones all in His keeping, our blessed boys in His special care. *We know that He is able to keep them from falling.* We have had marvelous answers to prayer, and O, sister, we have felt such strength through the prayers of our friends, and God's people, who we know have been asking His blessing upon us through these past weeks. Really, we have been upheld through labors otherwise too exhausting for us. Somehow, in some strange way, I felt that the blow of leaving America was taken by some one else.

MY LITTLE SISTER AT HOME

Just as if some invisible hand was held up to shield us! I feel perfectly certain that so it will be in the years to come. He will be with us and take the blows as they come.

With deepest love,

Dorothy."

Good-bye, dear, brave, little sister. May you come back again for at least two furloughs, having had fifteen more years of service in China before your return to enjoy your children during your old age.

"He will give thee grace and glory;
He'll go with thee, with thee, *all the way.*"

APPENDIX

Dear Mrs. Garst:

Your tract is a telling plea for missions. The picture you paint of cheerful and heroic self-denial for the Gospel's sake both on the part of your "Little Sister" and her noble husband, Dr. W. E. Macklin, go straight to the heart, and touch its loftiest impulses. How they shame our spirit of self-ease and indulgence, and bid us rise to imitate the doing and daring of these two brave missionaries.

I wish your tract might circulate by the million, and enter with its awakening power every home of our brotherhood.

Dr. Macklin, as you probably know, is supported by the church to which I minister, and we all rejoice in his splendid work, and are proud of our grand missionary. We feel that the thousands he annually treats and heals and to all of whom he preaches Christ and Him crucified, are in some sense the work of our own congregation.

We were much impressed by the fact that Dr. Macklin instead of calling his building a "hospital," called it "Church of Christ," because, as he remarked, his preaching is the "chief thing," and his

APPENDIX

healing "merely incidental." And yet his healing opens a great door of opportunity to him, gives him the favor and confidence of the people, and enables him to do a work which is causing even the men of other communions in China to say is among the greatest in that land.

May God use the splendid example of Dr. Macklin and his brave little wife to quicken the missionary zeal of the Disciples of Christ everywhere.

I am glad you are having your tract put into a more popular form, which I trust will greatly widen its circulation.

Wishing you and yours health and peace,

I am ever and truly,

Frankfort, Ky., 1903.

GEORGE DARSIE.

Dear Mrs. Garst:

I have just finished reading a type-written copy of the third edition of "My Little Sister in Far-Away China." It is always refreshing to read the biographies of the men and the women who have done things in the world, that are worth while, but there is nothing like reading and hearing of the struggles, the sacrifices, and the splendid victories of those who have given themselves unreservedly to the service of Christ on the frontiers of the Kingdom of God.

Some people pity the missionaries, but they

APPENDIX

reach many a heaven that is shut to us. Some call them fanatics who miss the joys of living, but there burns a truer light of God in them than ever glows in us. It is they who live while we are half asleep.

Dr. W. E. Macklin, as you know, has been the "living-link" missionary of the church here for more than fifteen years, and no phase of our work has been a greater inspiration than our delightful fellowship with him in his work in Nanking, China.

During the six years of my ministry with this historic congregation, they have stood by me in every good work, and the principal reason, as I believe, is that my predecessor, George Darsie, gave them a world-wide vision of the Kingdom of God, and led them into the larger service through their support of Dr. Macklin in far-away China. He built about the Christ and not about himself, and when he passed to his reward his work continued.

We are proud to know that we have been of some assistance to Dr. Macklin in his work, but he has helped us more than we have helped him. He has recently paid us a visit and his coming was a benediction to our Sunday school and Church. The children in the Sunday school gave a special rally service for him on Sunday morning. The entire Church took part in his reception on Monday evening, and more than a hundred men sat down at the banquet table with him on Tuesday evening to feast with him, and to hear of his great work in hospital

APPENDIX

and in Church, and to hear him tell of his Chinese friends who are in positions of authority in the Celestial Empire.

I am glad for this third and enlarged edition, and I can only wish for it the largest possible circulation in this congregation and throughout the churches of America.

Sincerely yours,

Frankfort, Ky., 1910. CHARLES R. HUDSON.

Canton, Ohio, March 28, 1911.

Mrs. Laura D. Garst,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Mrs. Garst:

Your letter at hand. Concerning Dr. and Mrs. Macklin, let me say the days of the heroic are not all in the past. Heroes and heroines as mighty as ever tramped the earth are in our midst to-day. Among these are Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Macklin, of Nanking, China.

The little book that you are preparing is a stirring story. It takes one into the holy of holies of two gracious lives and permits them to feel their heart-throbs, to know their thoughts and to suffer with them when they suffer, and rejoice when they rejoice. It teaches one something of the soul's enthusiasm. It too reveals how little the Church at home is really suffering for Jesus' sake. That heart

APPENDIX

will be small that will not be made more tender by the pictures given.

One who reads the book will certainly go forth with a resolve to belong to that band whose heart God has touched, and will find his real joy in intense Christian service.

It is surely a pleasure and profit for the Canton Christian Church to be in touch with your good sister, Mrs. Macklin. Her visit to our people last year was a benediction.

With every good wish,

Sincerely yours,

P. H. WELSHIMER.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 10, 1911.

Mrs. Laura D. Garst,
City.

My Dear Mrs. Garst:

I am delighted with the promise of your coming book dealing not only with your justly loved "little sister," who is dear to all of us, but also with the wonderful work of her husband, that rugged man of God, Dr. W. E. Macklin. And possibly I have just a little keener interest than before, now that our own congregation has assumed the budget of hospital expense in the Nanking work. I am sure all our people will be thrilled through the year's life as they think of ten native helpers being supported by their

APPENDIX

gifts, and of beds for the sick and worn, and medicines for the needy being provided by their hands. How sweet is such comradeship of service that brings lands afar to our very doors, and reveals the fact that "one's nearest neighbor is his neediest neighbor!"

Your splendid sketch of these two noble lives and their stupendous work can but do vast good. May heaven speed the circulation of your little volume! It will tell for health and strength and purpose in young and old alike. It will stand in constant protest against the petty, the trifling things that often win and hold those made in the image and likeness of God. And best of all, the reader who starts is bound to finish the narrative. The human interest of your message will secure a hearing for the divine appeal.

Rejoicing that you have found the time to make this further contribution from your life to the world work that is all in all to you,

Affectionately yours,

CHAS. S. MEDBURY.

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